JOHN BULL, JULY 7, 1934

TWOPENCE
Vol. LVI.
1464.

THE NEW WOMEN'S CRIME SEE PAGE 9

JOHN BULL

There's real FRUIT JUICE in CHIVERS Jellies

In Summer give the family plenty of *Chivers'* Jellies. Everybody likes them—they're so light, cool and easy-to-digest. And remember *Chivers'* Jellies contain real fruit juices—not merely fruit flavours, but FRUIT JUICES. There's a big difference. Hundreds of tons of fresh ripe fruits from Chivers' own farms are used each year for this purpose. You'll be glad you asked your grocer for *CHIVERS'* Jellies—they cost no more but they taste so different.

CHIVERS'
Table Jelly
4½

To Dept. P3. Chivers & Sons, Ltd.,
HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.
Please send me a free copy of your
Illustrated Folder of DAINTY RECIPES.
★ Write your name and address in the margin of this page and post to us in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope.

The NIGHT
PROWLER

Safeguard your home at once

WHY do you lock and bolt the door of your house before going to bed every night? It is, of course, to safeguard yourself, your family, and your possessions against the activities of those gentlemen who carry on their business usually after midnight . . .

Bolts or fastenings will not deter the determined intruder at any time, but when, such as at holiday times, there is no one at home to hear and disturb him at his illicit job, then your precious possessions that you call *"home"* are entirely at his mercy.

To safeguard those possessions which mean so much to you, sign the forms below at once for JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

JOHN BULL pays benefits for Burglary and Housebreaking, but that is not all. JOHN BULL also pays generous benefits for Accidents in Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, when Boating or Bathing, and for Children's Accidents; moreover, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper in the country to safeguard your home against the dread dangers of Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, and to pay benefits for Sickness, and is also the only paper that adds a 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to readers of over three months' standing.

Find your pen right away and sign the forms below at once. You never know when you may be glad of JOHN BULL's practical assistance.

"A friend in need . . ."

"John Bull"—the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..

Address..

....

.... Date....................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 7/7/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, [illegible], Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age..

Address..

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent..

....

.... Date....................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and [illegible] registration will be sent if [illegible] stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 7/7/34

JOHN BULL'S
VALUE
3d
Collect the Coupons
GREAT PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, [illegible] John Bull [illegible] Pen [illegible]. Additional coupons up to [illegible] may be saved and are acceptable [illegible] each counting as 3d. off the price. [illegible] 8 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. Side [illegible]. Pocket clip 3d. extra. [illegible] John Bull Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

Fifty Fine "Bullets" Holiday Cheques. See Page 32.

JOHN BULL'S
SHOP WINDOW

A TINY INSTRUMENT
DEAF

[illegible]

WEAR the BELT and keep SLIM

A [illegible]

[illegible] 4/11 [illegible]

BEASLEY BELT [illegible]

[illegible] W.C.2

FREE

[illegible]

THE NEW ADANA [illegible] PRINTING MACHINE
28/6

[illegible]

BRITAINS CHEAPEST SPORTS SHIRT
WORTH 2/11 OUR PRICE 1/11 POST 3d.

Here's a bargain you must not miss—the very latest coloured Sports Shirt for 1/11 only! Cellular weave in best self design, Polo Collar, half sleeves. Delightful to wear. Get one or two for Cycling, hiking, holidays or week-end wear. Fast colours in Saxe, Nile-Green, Lemon, Wine, Royal Blue, Grey. Men's Fitting. Send for this wonderful bargain NOW! Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

THE CENTRAL AGENCY, [illegible], Lancs.

YOURS FOR 6d.

RACE, FIELD OR MARINE GLASSES
£5/5/- Value for 32/6
Wonderful Stock Clearance Bargains.

Powerful Binoculars by "Lumiere." Extra wide view. Great magnification. Time of church clock can be distinctly read 5 miles away. Fitted in saddler-made case. Send only 6d. Deposit and 6d. for postage for 7 days' free trial. Balance 2/- fortnightly until 35/- is paid, or cash 32/6 only. Write for Fully Illustrated List of Glasses by Zeiss, Goerz, Ross, etc., etc., all on equally attractive terms.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. [illegible]

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

HERE is a chance to save "shopkeepers'" profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

FROM £3-19-6 CASH

Chas. T. Roberts Ltd.
[illegible] 24, COVENTRY

YOURS 3/-

Build like a Piano with the Power of an Organ
Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

A remarkable opportunity to obtain a Real Piano-Accordion at a greatly reduced price. Triple chord piano action, 14-fold bellows, 21 piano keys and 8 basses. Black polished. Complete with shoulder strap. Send only 3/- deposit. Balance 5/- monthly until 65/- is paid. Illus. List Free.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. [illegible])

DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES!

MANUFACTURER'S SPECIAL [illegible]
SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

19, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms. Silver, Mid. or Dark Grey. Waist 28-42. Leg 27-34. [illegible] Well cut and made from tested Flannel, fitted with belt loops, side straps and buttons inside; front cash and 2 side pockets, permanent turn-ups. State waist, inside leg & width bottom required. Only to Purchasers of Flannel Trousers: St. Margaret's Woollen Slipover in Blue, Maroon, White, Grey 1/6

5/- Post 6d. extra or C.O.D.

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J. 14), 129/131, Heath Road, TWICKENHAM.

SUTCLIFFE'S Store SHED from 3/4 MONTHLY Design Z.14.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. [illegible]

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

[illegible]

1/- Week

List Free

THE ALL BRITISH CYCLE

SENT FOR 1/- PACKING FREE, CARRIAGE PAID to Approved Orders. AN AMAZING OFFER! Promise 2/- fortnightly and state your height and inside leg measure. Best All British Materials and Best All British Manufacture for Easy & Safe Riding, Etc. DUNLOP Champion Tyres, Rims, Saddle, Etc. All Complete. Guaranteed 10 Years. Gent's 70/6, Ladies' 85/-. Worth Double. Free Accessories. Delight or Money Back. FREE Bargain Catalogue Ladies' and Gent's Models, Racing, Sports—Tourists, Juveniles, Etc. All at Reduced Terms—The Lowest obtainable in the British Isles.

1s. NOW

PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE,
Dept. 190B, HASTINGS

BANKRUPT STOCK PNEUMATIC CUSHIONS

WILL SUPPORT 20 STONE

1/3

Having purchased the complete stock of famous Manufacturer in Liquidation, we are offering these standard size 12½" x 12" air cushions, with banded sections to prevent bulging, at the astounding price of only 1/3, post 3d., worth treble the amount. When inflated will withstand 20 stone weight. Can be used for hundreds of purposes: As seat cushions for invalids, hikers; as campers' pillows, etc., etc. Will give air spring effect to hardest seats. Specially suitable for motorists to prevent fatigue. Can be carried in pocket when deflated. 3 for 3/9, post free. Limited stock only—Send immediately.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS Ltd. (Dept. C.J.2),
87, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
(Opposite Central Entrance Glaves—2nd Floor).

GREAT FREE GIFT FOR JOHN BULL READERS!

THE SHIELD CLUB'S GIFT TO ALL AGENTS

Those who apply at once will have the chance of obtaining NOW a Free Sample VALUE

2/6!

for themselves. This is FREE to Shield Agents. SEND AT ONCE!

NO COSTS
NO RISK WORRY
NO DEPOSIT
NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

172-pp. Art Catalogue, beautifully illustrated, in Colour, Sent Free.

YOUR CHANCE TO EARN £5 TO £25 IN YOUR SPARE TIME

COULD you do with £5 to £25 (and more) this Christmas? Well, here's your opportunity—and without risking a single penny! Become an Agent for the old-established 'Shield' Xmas Club—the soundest and most progressive club in the country! Become an Agent for the 'Shield' and offer your friends the most amazing value in up-to-date goods of every description—goods they will be so eager to buy that your Agency can easily prove to be a veritable gold mine!

Your commission is generous, and there are special Agents' Gifts of Gold Watches, Canteens of Cutlery, Trinket Sets, etc. There is no outlay, costs or deposit—could anything be easier!

In addition, you get the Agent's Free Sample coupon if you send NOW for the 172-page Art Catalogue showing Fancy Goods, Chocolates, Novelties, Cigarettes, Household Goods, etc., together with fullest details of how to form a club, sent post free by return. Don't hesitate or delay; send at once and have extra money this Xmas.

THE SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept. 28), BRADFORD.

The SHIELD XMAS CLUB-BRADFORD

FULL SIZE BED CHAIR 16/6 PAT. SPRING SEATS TURNED LEGS

or 18 weekly payments of 1/-. Polished nut brown, soft velvet cord cushions any colour. Carr. and pack. England and Wales 2/6. Call or send for coloured Cat. J. Furniture Bargains. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s.

BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAME

BED SETTEE

Converts in a moment into comfortable bed, 41 in. wide. Spring seats, turned legs. Carr. and Pack. Eng. and Wales 3/6.

35/- or 2/- weekly

[illegible] DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., [illegible] Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY

DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT MAKING BABY CLOTHES — IT DOES NOT PAY — LET ME SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR 30/-

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

75 delightful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Winsey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc. A recent Purchaser writes: "No wonder I have heard such praise of your baby-clothes. The layette just received is really wonderful. A genuine bargain! I myself shall recommend."

Expectant Mothers! SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms.

Mrs. J. B. HOWARD
66, Dover Road,
Portsmouth.

MAKE BIG MONEY!

OFFERING OUR *DOUBLE VALUE* 6d. CLUB CARDS

Here is a wonderful opportunity to earn big money all the year round—offer to your friends and workmates—our 6d. Double Value Club Cards. These can be exchanged for full value in goods as shown in our beautifully illustrated art coloured catalogue.

£600 CASH PRIZES WEEKLY

Our cards sell at sight. Please note, we cater for every member of the family. Footwear, Clothing, Household and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports, Games, Toys, etc. All goods are guaranteed.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS

The Ampico method of paying liberal commissions every week is very popular amongst agents. In addition, there are special agents' bonuses and postages are allowed.

No previous experience is required. Start now to make money. Write for complete details.

AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) Ampico House, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.

FREE COMPETITIONS for AGENTS. COUPON WEEKLY CLUB NEWS.

To AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Ampico House, Acton Lane, London, N.W.10.

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your Illustrated Catalogue.

NAME ....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
ADDRESS ....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
....

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. Stamp.) J.B. 100

YOURS 3/-

PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars By Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification Wide View Screw and Eyepiece Focus Bending Bar Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

20 gn. Model for 75/-

DAVIS & CO.
(Dept. J.B. 130),
94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5

1/- DEPOSIT Secures this ROLLS de LUXE 1934 DRESS WATCH

Gained full award 1934 Swiss Exhibition. Big feature is the remarkable engraving on case to prevent scratching. Highly polished platinum finished Chrome. Amazingly thin and neat for dress or ordinary wear. New Super Geneva Lever action movement. Timed to a minute. Shockproof. Cannot be overwound. Unbreakable glass. Futuristic figuring. Warranted 15 yrs. Yours for 1/- deposit, balance 1/6 fortnightly until 25/- is paid in all. Cash price 23/6. A handsome platinum and gold filled thin Dress Chain FREE with every watch. Send now to: AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS Ltd. (Dept. J.D.I.5), 87, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1
(2nd Floor, opposite Glaves.)

SOUTH WESTERN

Garages from 70/- or 5/- down. Made from seasoned timber. All buildings have double strength timber at corners. Planed rebated weatherboard not feather edge.

20/- CASH
2/3 DOWN

STEEL BRACING 6d. EXTRA

SUPER GARAGES.

	Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
10ft. x 7ft.	100/-	5/-	9 2
14ft. x 8ft.	140/-	7/-	12 10

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.

	Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
6ft. x 4ft.	35/-	2 6	3 1
8ft. x 5ft.	55/-	4/-	4 11
10ft. x 7ft.	75/-	4/9	7/-

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO 1929 Ltd
Dept. J., Hugon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines)

OUTSIZE FLANNELS

MANUFACTURER'S SPECIAL OFFER

ANY WAIST FROM 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50.
ANY LEG MEASURE
Bottoms: 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.
Light Med. or Dark Grey.

Well cut and made from splendid medium-weight real tested Flannel with front cash pocket, two side pockets. P.T.U., Belt, Loop, side straps and inside buttons. Worth double. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

7/6 post free or C.O.D.

Only to Purchasers of Trousers. Interlock Sports Shirt with short sleeves and Polo collar. All sizes in Canary, Fawn, Blues, Maroon, Grey, White, 2/6.

OUTSIZE MENSWEAR MANUFRS. (Dept. J.) 96 HEATH RD., TWICKENHAM.

GENUINE SURPLUS "ARMY & NAVY" BINOCULARS 21/- CASH

Every piece stamped. These famous glasses have perfect range of vision of over 7 miles. Adjustment by micrometer range finder. Huge purchase of surplus stock makes such an amazing offer possible, 21/-, post 1/-, complete with saddler-made case and arm sling.

200 only "War Office Model" to clear at 30/-, post 1/-.
"Army & Navy" Telescopes, 25x, 21/-, post 1/-.
"War Office Model" Telescopes, 30x, 30/-, post 1/-.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. X.J.O.2), 87, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. *Opposite Glaves, 2nd floor*

BUY AT WORKS PRICE

59/9 OR 16 WEEKLY

Don't pay shopkeepers' prices! Save at least £1 by buying from actual makers. For only 59/9, or 1/6 weekly, we offer you an All-British guaranteed-for-ever Cycle fully equal to anything in shops at £4-19-6. Carriage paid on 7 days' free trial. SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE which pictures and describes a magnificent range of Lightweights, Roadsters, etc. Costs you nothing—saves you pounds.

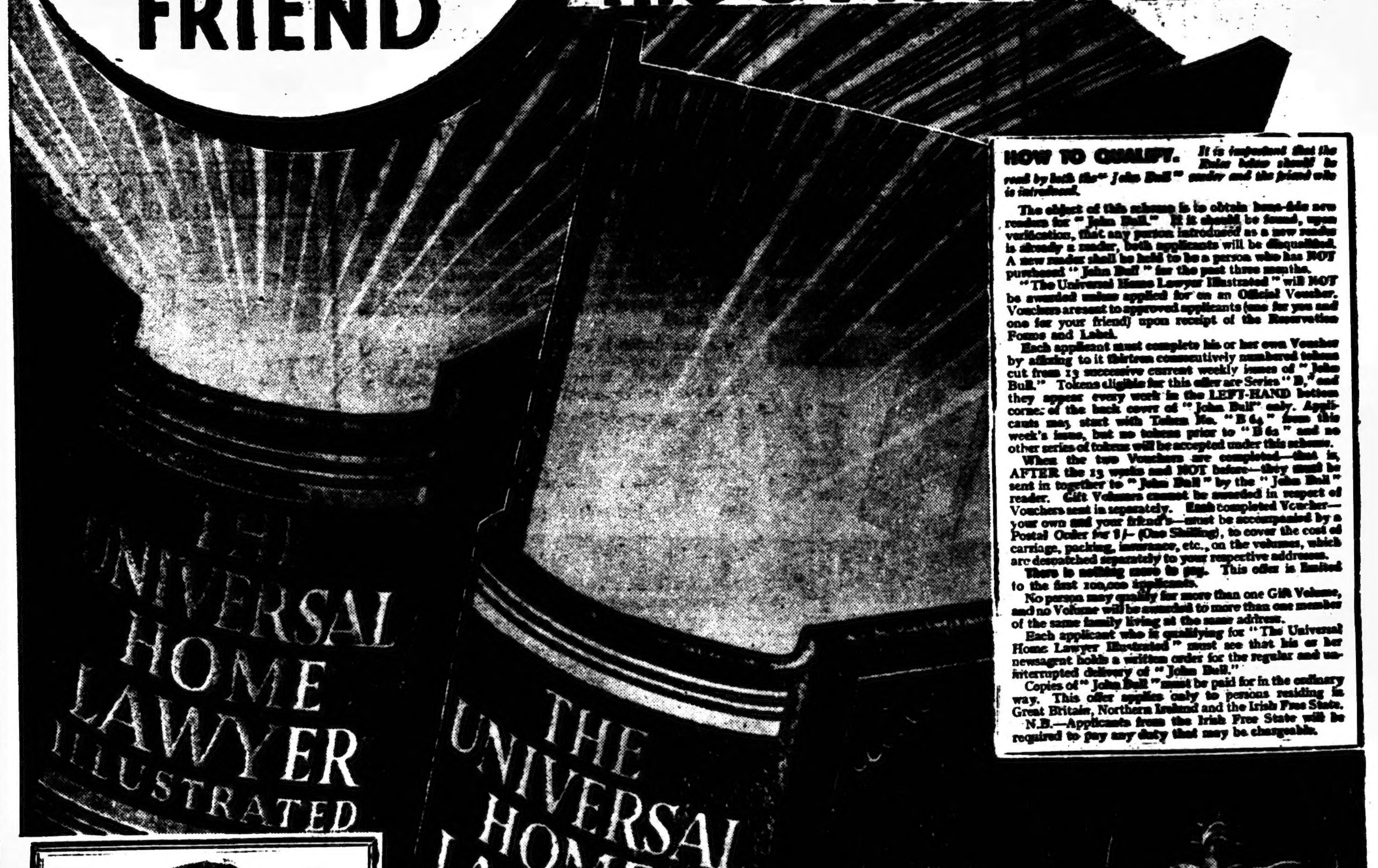
MOORHOUSES,
Dept. 22, [illegible], LEEDS.

FINAL

To secure "John Bull's" 25/-

The UNIVERSAL

ONE FOR YOU *and* ONE FOR YOUR FRIEND


THE UNIVERSAL HOME LAWYER ILLUSTRATED
THE UNIVERSAL HOME LAWYER ILLUSTRATED

HOW TO QUALIFY. *It is important that the Rules below should be read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is introduced.*

The object of this scheme is to obtain bona-fide new readers for "John Bull." If it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.

"The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" will NOT be awarded unless applied for on an Official Voucher. Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Label.

Each applicant must complete his or her own Voucher by affixing to it thirteen consecutively numbered tokens cut from 13 successive current weekly issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this offer are Series "B," and they appear every week in the LEFT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull" only. Applicants may start with Token No. "B 64" from this week's issue, but no tokens prior to "B 62" and no other series of tokens will be accepted under this scheme.

When the two Vouchers are completed—that is, AFTER the 13 weeks and NOT before—they must be sent in together to "John Bull" by the "John Bull" reader. Gift Volumes cannot be awarded in respect of Vouchers sent in separately. Each completed Voucher—your own and your friend's—must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 1/- (One Shilling), to cover the cost of carriage, packing, insurance, etc., on the volumes, which are despatched separately to your respective addresses.

There is nothing more to pay. This offer is limited to the first 100,000 applicants.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Volume, and no Volume will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Each applicant who is qualifying for "The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" must see that his or her newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull."

Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.

With every copy of "The Universal Home Lawyer," "John Bull" is enclosing an important brochure, specially compiled from "John Bull's" Secret Dossiers and edited by Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., formerly Assistant Commissioner of Police. This brochure, which is now issued for the first time exclusively to applicants for "The Home Lawyer," is a book of warnings—a great practical guide showing you how to steer clear of the many pitfalls and dangers which frequently confront the average family.

Strict attention to the expert advice it contains will, it is believed, prevent much unhappiness and loss.

In issuing this important document "John Bull" is rendering a national service by protecting the public.

The illustrations show the Ordinary Edition of this book (one for you and one for your friend). It is bound in Red Art Leather of Morocco grain, embossed in real 22-carat gold. Actual size of the volume is 9in. deep by [illegible] wide. Weighs approximately 3 lb.

OPPORTUNITY

Birthday Celebration Gift

HOME LAWYER Free!

HAVE you yet applied for your FREE "Universal Home Lawyer"? If not, you must act at once. So great has been the demand that the big edition specially set aside is now all but exhausted, and this week "John Bull" announces the final opportunity to obtain this invaluable work. The Reservation Forms below are the very last to be published. It is definitely a case of now or never. All applications from this announcement must be received by NOT later than the date on the Reservation Form below—after that "John Bull's" great Gift must definitely be withdrawn. Whatever your age, whatever your occupation, whether you are married or single, you need this book. Make sure of it by using the forms below to-day.

It is the pride of "John Bull" readers not to be fooled—to know their rights as citizens. This book, more than any other, tells them exactly where they stand. Here is a work worth at least 25/–. Actually it is a treasure beyond price—a book that in a hundred-and-one ways will definitely show you how to save money. From cover to cover it is entirely new—the very last word on every man's everyday legal problems. It contains over 800 pages, well over 600,000 words, and covers some 1,200 subjects, all alphabetically arranged for instant reference. Every sentence is set down clearly, unmistakably, in simple non-technical language. It is definitely a book for the people—written for the people.

So valuable is this work—so essential to every home—that "John Bull" offers a copy Free NOT ONLY TO YOU BUT ONE TO YOUR FRIEND AS WELL.

How often have you been puzzled by questions similar to the ones below? "The Universal Home Lawyer" provides the answer not only to these but to thousands and thousands of others.

What can you do if a person trespasses upon your garden or in your house?

What repairs is a tenant liable for and when is a landlord not liable for repairs?

When must a man support mother-in-law?

Who can witness a will?

What are pitfalls of hire purchase?

How does a slate club work? How do you claim benefits?

To what extent is a dog owner liable for injuries caused by his dog?

When can you recover compensation as a result of an accident at work?

To what Income Tax reliefs are you entitled?

What is the penalty for betting or wagering in a street, road or highway?

What can you do if your neighbour is noisy?

What is the law affecting pillion-riding?

What are sub-letting restrictions?

What is the effect of failing to affix a 2d. stamp to a receipt for £2 or more?

How can elderly poor people obtain relief?

When cannot Divorce be obtained?

When cannot arrest for assault be made?

When can you make an arrest?

What is the difference between libel and slander?

When can an arrested person be "bailed out"?

What can you do in the event of libel, slander, nuisances, negligence, injury to person or property?

When can payment of rates be remitted?

What is penalty for organising a lottery?

When can the law close your house?

When cannot a landlord distrain for rent?

When can you sue a doctor for damages?

Who can claim compensation from an employer?

What is the penalty for placing rubbish in the road?

A unique feature of this work is its special supplements, including articles on Police Procedure—by Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., formerly Assistant Commissioner of Police; Road Traffic, by the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, Chairman of London County Council; Divorce; Gambling; Income Tax; etc., etc.

The value of this work is enhanced by the inclusion of over 100 illustrations.

The BOOK ITSELF is printed from brand-new type, on opaque ivory-finish paper. It is bound in rich Red Morocco-grained Art. Leather, embossed in *real 22-carat* gold. There is a decorative design on the front and the book has a burnished dustproof top. Actual size of the volume is 9 in. deep by 6½ in. wide; weight approximately 3 lb.

In connection with this great Birthday Gift "John Bull" has specially prepared, and is sending with every copy of "The Universal Home Lawyer," a brochure that is at once a warning and a public service to the nation. In it is much exclusive and secret information which will enable "John Bull" readers and their families to avoid many troublesome and sometimes serious and costly pitfalls in life.

WHAT YOU DO NOW. To qualify for a Gift volume you are asked by "John Bull" to introduce one friend only who is NOT already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for thirteen weeks. In return, we present **both to you and to your friend** a "Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" FREE. The only other thing to do is to make certain the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader—i.e., one who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the last three months.

So great is our confidence in "John Bull" that we believe that those who, in the first place, are induced by our great offer to give "John Bull" a trial, will continue thereafter as regular readers.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for thirteen weeks, you are **each** asked to cut out and affix thirteen consecutive tokens from thirteen successive issues of "John Bull" to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the Forms below. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed, you will **each** have despatched to you a "Universal Home Lawyer." **That is all. There is no "catch."** There are no hidden conditions. There is nothing more to do. There is nothing more for you and your friend to pay other than the shilling each, to cover carriage, packing in carton, insurance, etc. First read the simple "How to qualify" directions on the opposite page. Then take the first step towards securing your Gift Volume by getting the Reservation Forms below filled in and posted to "John Bull" to-day.

On receipt of the Forms below, properly completed, "John Bull" will send you two Gift Vouchers on which both you and your friend may qualify. At the same time, two Gift Volumes will be reserved—one in your own name and the other in the name of your friend.

HURRY! This is definitely your last opportunity. Post the Forms below at once!

IMPORTANT! Do not separate the forms below—post in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST affix a halfpenny stamp to the label. Write clearly in BLOCK letters.

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

Halfpenny stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by you

Name ....

Full Postal Address ....

....

....

J.B.L.

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Applications from this announcement must be received by NOT LATER than Saturday, JULY 21.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

RESERVATION FORM "A."

To be filled in by reader of "John Bull" who is introducing NEW READER. The "John Bull" Reader MUST complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label with these Forms—give YOUR name and full postal address in block letters.

To Dept. J.B.1, "JOHN BULL,"
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve "The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" in my name in return for my introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has personally signed Form "B" and undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of "John Bull."

Please send me an Official Voucher on which to qualify for my Gift Volume, together with a similar Voucher for me to hand on to my friend.

"John Bull" Reader's Signature ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED

District Supervisor.

Date ....

Give below Name and Address of Newsagent holding your Order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name ....

Address ....

....

RESERVATION FORM "B."

This Form "B" **MUST** be filled in and signed **PERSONALLY** by the NEW READER—NOT by the "John Bull" reader.

Your special Gift offer was introduced by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form "A." I certify that I am NOT a reader of "John Bull" and that I have NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months. I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve "The Universal Home Lawyer Illustrated" in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) an Official Voucher on which to qualify. I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

New Reader's Signature ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED

District Supervisor

Date ....

Give below Name and Address of your Newsagent to whom you have given or will give an order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name ....

Address ....

....

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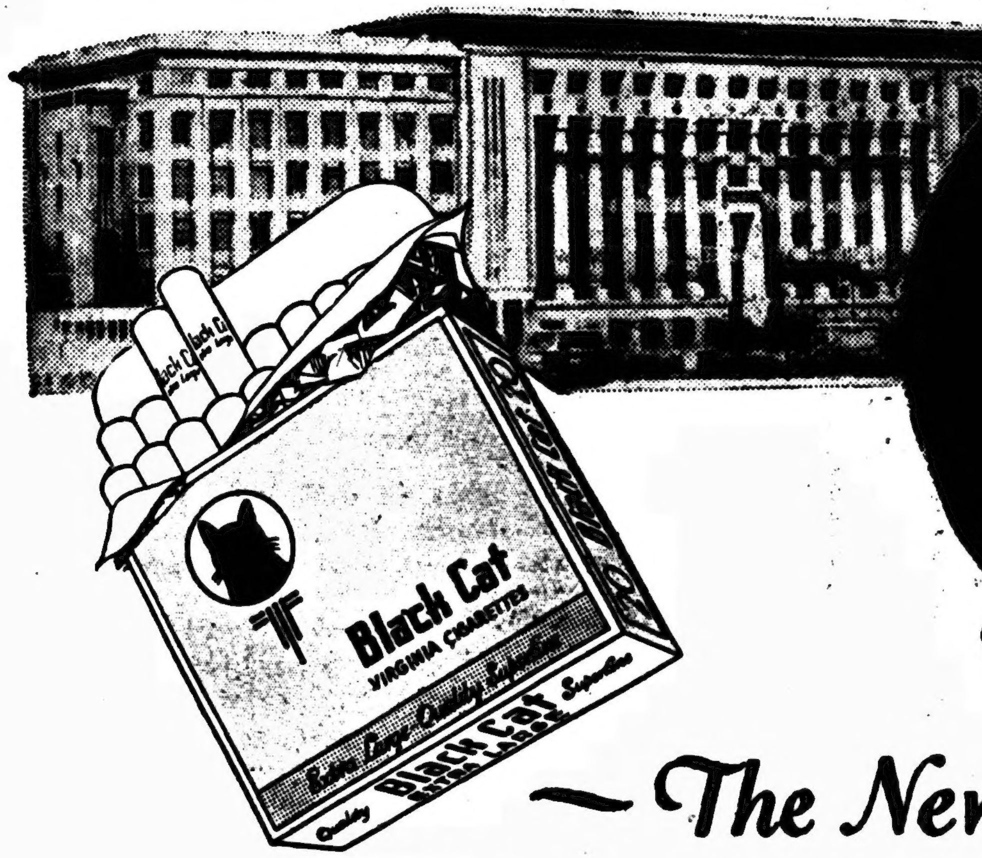

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NUDISM Run Amok

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, July 7, 1934. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

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A WAR is developing among and against the nudists. A cult which began in this country with a few isolated groups of physical culture idealists has now become a matter of national interest and national concern.

John Bull has always defended the right of individuals to practise what creed or cult they wish, subject to the obvious requirements of the public welfare.

The beliefs of the "no clothes" brigade are as much their own concern as those of the "no hat" brigade, and while they keep the law and do not intrude on the rights of others then there is neither point nor justice in interfering with them.

But the cult has now grown far beyond the scope and ideas of its founders, and there are some aspects of its latest developments that give cause for grave concern. Nudism has, in fact, run amok.

For one thing, it has now become "big business." Already there are over seventy clubs and societies established in various parts of the country, and the number is being added to almost every week. Some have membership lists which bring them in a subscription income of thousands of pounds a year.

A FEW of them which publish their own club magazines have now dropped the original idea that these were "for members only." Illustrated with nude photographs, they are on sale at many bookstalls, and are sold to any member of the public.

While some of the original societies, and a few of those of later growth, are organised and properly controlled on a non-profit-making basis by professional people of unquestionable reputation, there are others whose rules are lax and profits to the promoters seem to be a first consideration.

Without Fear or Favour

At the present rate of growth of these societies, it is inevitable that undesirables, both as members and promoters, will be attracted to the movement.

At present anybody can start a nudist club and, to judge by the member-getting tactics of some of them, anybody who produces a subscription fee can join.

Some idea of the profits involved can be gauged from the fact that one club with a patch of land and an old bungalow in a deserted woodland spot of the Home Counties, the whole lot costing about £150 a year in rent, has a subscription income totalling £1,800 a year.

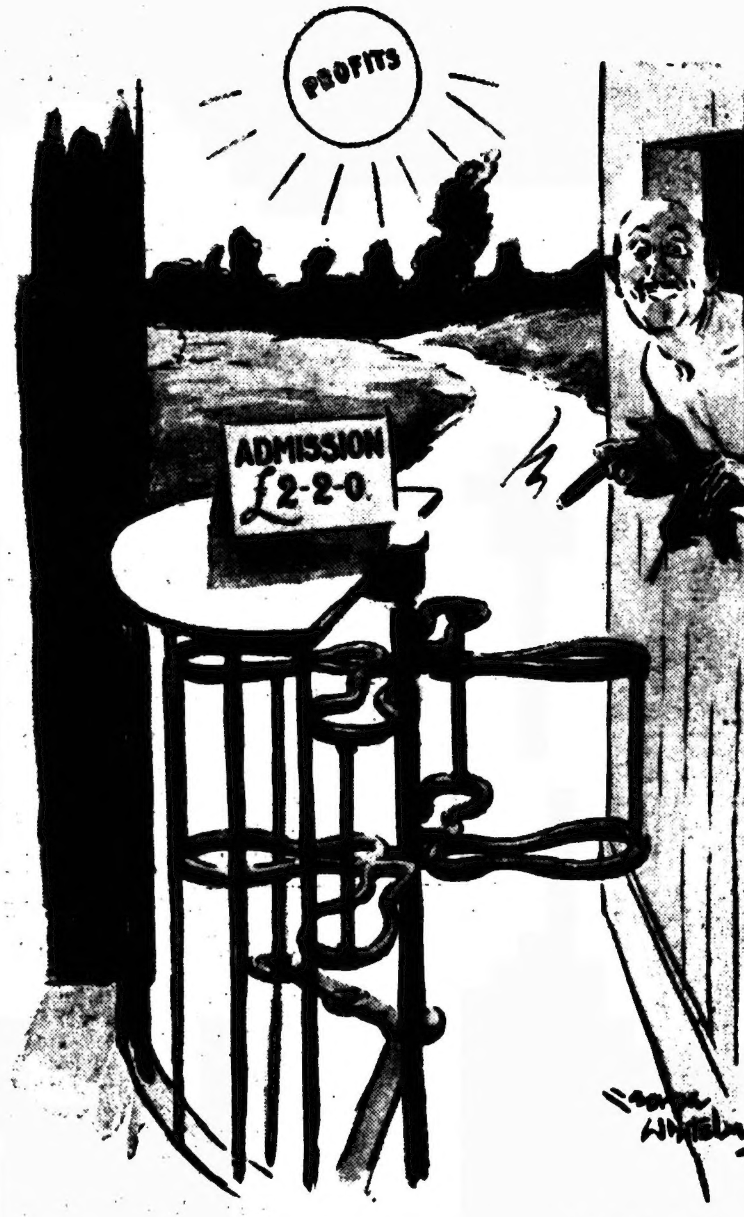
Another club has recently been indulging in vast circularising campaigns to bring in yet more members. Nudity has become a very profitable business indeed to the "committee" of four who promoted it. Two of them have abandoned their ordinary livelihoods to press forward the business of the club.

ONE profitable development of some of these nudist clubs is a photographic service. It is called a "confidential" service, established to develop and print negatives of photographs taken of and by members of the clubs.

The greatest care, it is stated, is taken that these photographs do not fall into outside hands. But only the slightest thought is needed to foresee the abuses to which this practice may be open.

One club in the London area which has secured hundreds of "honorary" members at half a guinea each, hopes to issue a bulletin shortly, illustrated with pictures of the activities of the club. It will be a private bulletin, but will presumably be illustrated with some of these "confidential" photographs.

Some of the original nudist societies are well aware of the abuses which are creeping into their cult. For this reason and for self-preservation they recently established a Council of Sun Societies in an effort to delimit and control the activities of the many nudist clubs. Eleven of them who would consent to the rules and the control demanded, joined the Council—the rest did not.



The profiteering undesirable . . . there should be no place for him in the sun cult.

There is another aspect of nudism that must be faced. And that is that the boldness shown by some of its adherents is not only resulting in conflicts with local authorities, but it is leading in places to a curtailment of the public's ordinary sun-bathing rights.

FOR instance, a colony which established itself at Dawlish in Devonshire has been using a small islet off the coast for its headquarters, where its members can be seen from the beach. This led to protests to the authorities, who have not only taken action against the nudists, but, presumably as a direct consequence, have begun to harry the ordinary sunbathers in costume by imposing beach rules.

At other places where nudists have carried on activities too openly, and in spite of public protests, the authority's efforts have reacted on the general public. Brighton, Deal and Bognor, which last year agreed to revoke Grundyish beach regulations regarding sunbathing, have now put these into force again. Brighton, in response to a recent questionnaire, is demanding full regulation costumes "in spite of previous statements to the contrary."

Other places are carrying out the same orders.

At Prestatyn, Rhyl, Lulworth Cove, Warrington, and Leicester there has been continual conflict between the councils, the public, and nudist clubs.

At Rufford, in Lancashire, both council and residents were defied, and a colony was established.

ANOTHER club at Great Waltham, in Essex, has upset the peace of the village. The inhabitants have been constantly complaining about the behaviour of members who can be seen bathing and walking nude about the grounds of the house they occupy.

And recently, at a club in Hertfordshire, there was an incident which might have had serious consequences. The villagers protested that members of a nudist colony could be seen from bungalows near by.

The authorities declined to act, and shortly afterwards the heath and woodland surrounding the colony were fired. Flames swept down on to the camp, and there was evidence that the fire, which was only extinguished with difficulty, *was created deliberately.*

From all over the country there is a mass of proof to hand that the nudist movement, growing uncontrolled as it is, contains a serious menace to the liberties of the ordinary citizen and, in its more undesirable aspects, a grave threat to the public morals and welfare.

IT is obvious that a movement so liable to attract undesirable elements cannot control itself adequately.

We say, therefore, that the Home Secretary and the local authorities should put their heads together to devise some means to bring it under proper control. Clearly there is as great a need that nudist clubs should be licensed as are, say, massage establishments or any other bodies which lend themselves easily to abuses of individual and public morality.

We are sure that every reputable nudist society would welcome licensing and the opportunity to prove its bona fides.

For the others, the sooner they are debarred from exploiting this new cult for their own undesirable ends, the better.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

End the Shame Behind the Gay Holiday Scene!

Signals for Walkers, please

New Frauds on House-Buyers

Holiday time means a seven-day week for her

WE wonder if the great holiday crowds ever give a thought to the spectre of the seaside?

Little wonder if they don't. They go to enjoy themselves on the golden sands, to escape the worries and problems of everyday life.

But we must tell them that these sands are anything but golden to a great army of people. To them the holiday season is a very mixed blessing—providing work, certainly, but work for atrociously long hours and miserable pay.

That is the spectre of the seaside.

No holiday for them!

From Brighton to Blackpool, in every seaside town, these disgraceful conditions exist. There are men and women who, taken on for the season, never glimpse the gay scene that brings relaxation and content to the holiday-makers.

In cafés and boarding-houses and shops more often than not they must work from early morning till late at night, without proper meal-times and with barely a moment's rest.

We know of waitresses who are employed from eight in the morning till midnight for less than 3s. a day. We know of waiters who, despite the popular notions of their earnings, get less than £2 for a seven-day week, out of which they have to provide their clothes.

Young folks' purgatory

And not only men and women! There are tens of thousands of boys and girls employed specially for the summer season, and very many of them toil seventy-four or more hours a week.

To quote a typical case, a girl of fifteen works in a seaside café from 9 a.m. till midnight—for 12s. 6d. a week.

This is quite legal. As an M.P. told Parliament last week, young persons under eighteen may be employed for four months in a holiday resort and not get a single half-holiday.

Westminster winks

But his statement aroused no sympathy in the House. His plea that the new Shops Bill should provide a half-holiday for all seaside workers was emphatically rejected by the Government.

Mr. Douglas Hacking, who was in charge of the Bill, was indeed horrified. In awed accents he described the proposed amendment as "a very big expansion of the Bill." No doubt. But let us tell Mr. Hacking that the public expects big things from Parliament.

Lay that spectre!

We say emphatically that a fair deal should have been given long ago to all workers in seaside resorts. They should be assured not merely of a season's work, but of fair payment and proper working conditions.

If this were done there would be a fairer sharing of the great task of catering for the needs of holiday visitors; shorter hours would mean work for a larger number of persons. And if in some cases long hours are unavoidable, at least let adequate wages be paid.

Every holiday-maker, we know, will agree with our demand that the spectre at the seaside should be banished for ever.

As we said

As we foretold, Mr. Chamberlain's surplus—and a lot more besides—is to be spent on armaments.

We can only regard it as a gigantic waste of public money. The immense new naval fleet is to cost more than £100,000,000, to say nothing of the millions it will eat up every year in running expenses.

And, of course, this will scare Japan, America, France and other countries into building bigger and bigger navies. So we go round the old vicious circle, with the world growing poorer and more dangerous in consequence.

More madness

Unhappily, another form of midsummer madness is in full swing.

Miners, textile workers, iron and timber men, dyers and others suffered wage cuts last month, according to the Minister of Labour.

If the Government used its influence to get wages on the up-grade and thus enable people to spend more, it would do more to bring about trade revival than any other step it has taken.

You pay

Still, the Government evidently means to make sure of the farmers' vote at the next election.

Subsidies for beet sugar, milk and wheat are to be followed by one for beef.

But will the farmer be able to keep the money? There is nothing in any of the measures to stop the landlord from taking it all in higher rent.

We have told before how some landlords are reaping a golden harvest.

And, as ever, the public pays.

Ghoulish

For shockingly bad taste, the action of the organisers of Salford's pageant would be hard to beat.

They actually propose to display in public a gibbet, from which will be hung in chains the remains of some poor devil who seems to have lost his life in a colliery accident 200 years ago!

"A pageant attraction" it is called. We'd like to know how they got hold of the remains, and what the coroner intends to do about it.

Out of bounds

For eight months the hundreds of patients in Barnsley Hall, the county mental hospital of Worcestershire, have been deprived of their greatest joy—the visits of friends. For eight months they have been entirely cut off from the world.

Since last October there have been eleven cases of scarlet fever and other infectious diseases. Of course, these patients have been moved to the isolation block; yet the anxious relatives of the inmates are still kept from the hospital.

They need a lesson

Amazingly enough, all cooking and washing are still done in common, so it is hardly surprising that the infection has not been checked. But we refuse to believe that separate arrangements could not be made for the few patients in isolation.

Unless this is done, will the hospital ever return to normal? Must the old people there die without seeing their dear ones again? We think the authorities should take a few hints from the great general hospitals.

Making good

Wrong though his act was, we feel some admiration for the youth charged at Nelson Juvenile Court with stealing £40 from his father. For he had started business as a fruiterer, now owned a pony and cart and employed a lad, was making £5 a week profit, and still possessed his capital.

The chairman bound him over and congratulated him on his enterprise.

We're rather surprised the father charged him; but it only remains for the lad to return the money to complete his good start in life.

The Fragrant Minute

OUR WORLD

NOW God be thanked this world of ours grows small! Smaller yet and smaller, Lord, we pray, until there is no gulf to span at all 'twixt man and man; oh hasten, Lord, this day. Then cease mere talk of Christ, the Elder Brother; we'll act His Love in life towards each other.

God bless these wondrous days! Long distance 'phone, the wireless miracle, the aeroplane. By these we link one zone with farthest zone—an ever-lengthening, ever-strengthening chain. Now God be thanked this world of ours grows small; soon will there be no barriers at all.

Not England, nor the Empire, but Our World. This is the ideal and this the toast to give. The flag of brotherhood is now unfurled: and for the world, entire, must we all live; and unarmed peace defeat the brutish sword—help us achieve this mighty purpose, Lord.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Very loose!

But we have no admiration for the Blackburn schoolmistress who, when young unemployed girls powdered their noses and combed their hair at an instructional centre, wrote on the blackboard:

"You are four demi-mondes, the lowest class of women."

They lost their action for alleged slander when she pleaded that she only meant demi-monde in the sense of "more or less a loose woman."

Certainly those girls need teaching manners, but that's no justification for her loose language.

Signals wanted

The pedestrian lanes now being tried out in London, and which were first suggested in these columns, are expected by the Ministry of Transport to prove the best way of reducing accidents.

Yes, but only if pedestrians are *allowed* to use them properly. For instance, there are some crossings in very busy streets where the traffic lights simply cannot be seen by walkers, since they are so placed as to be visible only to drivers.

Traffic lights are a good idea; but pedestrians as well as motorists should be provided with "Stop" and "Go" signals.

Again, as Whitehall admits, very little information has been given to the public about the proper use of traffic lanes.

The new Minister, Mr. Hore Belisha, must clear up the present confusion and give the walker a chance if accidents are to be reduced.

The reason why

Now for a word to Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, the transport chief who declares that the pedestrian is the most careless and thoughtless of all road users.

Even if this sweeping statement were true, the blame would rest with the authorities.

They have done little to educate the walker about his responsibilities as a road user. When will they realise this vital need?

An invasion to stop

There's need, too, for Authority to bestir itself about a very different matter.

It must stop the smuggling of filthy books into this country from the United States.

Last week an order was made at the Mansion House, London, for a consignment of such books to be confiscated, but many more are being sold under the guise of "medical works."

Tricking the house-buyer

Dubious insurance companies are getting very active again. We suppose they are trying to make money before the new insurance laws come into force.

We advise readers to be more than usually alert when offered house-purchase policies. Moreover, a great deal of trouble is being caused by unscrupulous agents.

In many cases these agents make attractive promises that are later disowned by the companies concerned.

When in doubt—

We warn intending purchasers, therefore, to make sure that the statements of agents are backed by the companies' policies.

Above all, "write to JOHN BULL about it" when in doubt.

Sportsmen wanted

We are sorry that Mr. Tom Walls' "Sportsmen's Fund" for the relief of cancer is meeting with a poor response. Surely most people could afford a trifle to help the fight against humanity's most terrible scourge!

Yet, says Mr. Walls, "only boxers, publicans and sinners have responded; the very good people haven't."

We fear that sinners are often better "sports"—in the finest meaning of the word—than the very good.

King Coal relents

Long ago we suggested that, in order to combat the epidemic of coal stealing in mining areas, owners should lease outcrops to groups of unemployed miners at a nominal rent.

We are glad to note that this is being done in several districts. But it should be made general in all coalfields.

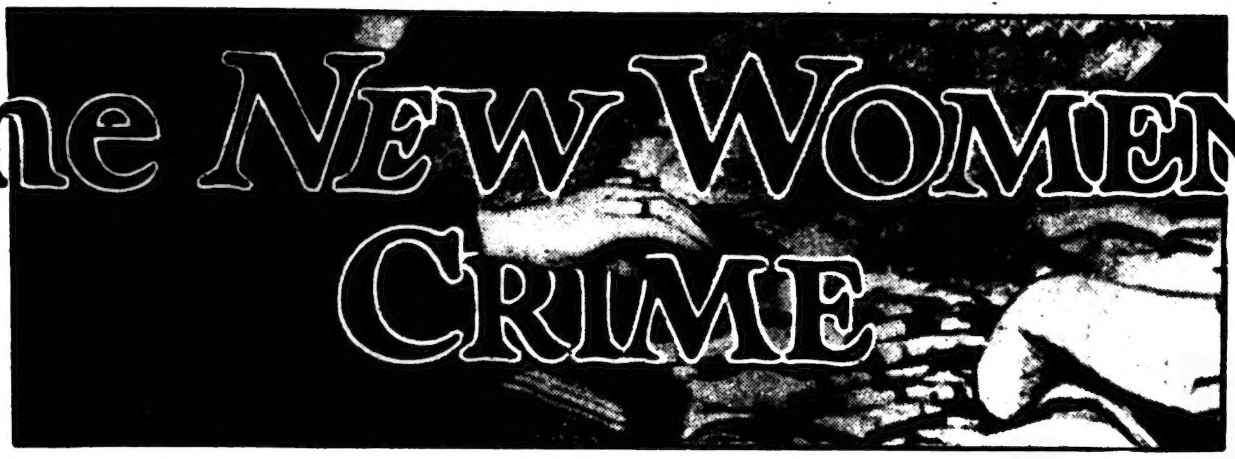
Coroner on the carpet

We're not surprised that motor-cycle manufacturers have complained to the Lord Chancellor about a remark by the Birmingham coroner.

To him the motor-cycle is "an unstable affair on two wheels and always a potential danger."

Which is just nonsense. Surely the "potential danger" of any vehicle depends on the driver!

The NEW WOMEN'S CRIME



—and How to Deal with it

—by—

Gertrude Tuckwell

The First Woman Magistrate and Chairman of the National Association of Probation Officers

THROUGHOUT the country magistrates are finding a new problem brought to their courts, a complex social problem with which many find the utmost difficulty in grappling.

Until recently shoplifting was considered, by the layman at any rate, as being one of the least serious of petty offences; now it must be regarded in an entirely different light. Consider, for example, the fact that in Holloway, England's largest prison for women, one quarter of the inmates are being punished for this very offence.

So serious has this epidemic of shoplifting become that the Home Secretary was asked, in the House of Commons, whether any special steps are being taken to investigate these cases from a pathological standpoint, and whether the law allowing offenders to keep the stolen articles should be amended.

His reply was that he knew of no grounds for thinking that an increase in offences of this type is due to pathological causes, but if in any case of shoplifting there is evidence that the offender is suffering from a mental illness such evidence is given due consideration by the court.

* * *

HE further stated that the law does not allow shoplifters to retain stolen property.

This reply is only partly true, for many personal facts which may have an important bearing on the case do not ordinarily emerge in evidence laid before the court.

One of the chief complaints of probation officers all over the country is that frequently they are not given an opportunity to make preliminary enquiries which might have an important bearing on the case when sentence comes to be passed.

How, then, are women shoplifters to be dealt with so that there will be no repetition of the misdemeanour?

Many of them receive prison sentences ranging from one month to a year. Is that the answer to the problem?

Unfortunately, one term of imprisonment does not always end the matter.

There was the case recently of a woman in comfortable circumstances, who was being kept by her two grown-up daughters (who were working), and who spent three terms of three months each in prison last year. And early this year she received another sentence of six months for a similar offence.

Was prison doing her any good? What will she do when she comes out next time? Probably start stealing again and get another term. So it goes on.

On the face of it, the "medicine" in that case is not effecting a "cure." On the contrary, it would appear to be aggravating the disease.

* * *

I THINK shoplifting might be effectually prevented if it were possible by better co-operation between the police and the shopkeepers to ensure that *every person who lifts from a shop shall come to a "reckoning."*

If every woman in the country knew absolutely certainly that so surely as she lifted a pair of stockings, or a bar of chocolate, or a pocket-handkerchief, so surely would she be found out and have to face her reckoning, then I think a large number of thefts would never take place.

Stricter supervision in the shops would undoubtedly help. And I would put those doing the supervision into *uniform*. Which, of course, is the very opposite of what happens now. All store detectives are in plain clothes. But then, remember, *my* object would be to prevent the crime from being committed. Not to detect it afterwards.

So much for prevention. The offence having been committed, how shall it be dealt with?

The Probation of Offenders Act was framed specially to deal with this particular kind of case. It states that:

> The court, after having regard to character, antecedents, age, health, mental condition, of the offender, and to the trivial nature of the offence, or the extenuating circumstances under which it was committed, may deal with the offender under the Probation of Offenders Act.

In passing sentence, to take into consideration only the public welfare, and ignore all these other personal considerations, is in direct conflict to a law passed as long ago as 1907.

Unfortunately, the Probation Act is often badly administered. Magistrates sometimes overlook the powers given them by the Act. In an enormous number of cases which come before the courts, and in which probation might be eminently effective, the court allows insufficient time for the investigation of those "personal elements" required by the Probation Act.

* * *

IF criticised for passing sentence too quickly and without sufficient preliminary enquiries being made, magistrates will probably reply that the *offences* are of such a trivial nature that they do not require special attention. The Probation Act was framed to deal with human lives, and does not require magistrates to deal with offences. No human life can be regarded as too trivial for proper consideration.

My own experience as a magistrate, and the experience of all probation work, is that delinquencies are never due to one single, simple cause.

I think this story will illustrate what I mean.

A girl of about nineteen or twenty was suffering from a very bad form of acne, so that her face was covered with pimples. She felt her disfigurement acutely, but did not know the proper remedy. Her parents were in very poor circumstances, and the girl helped her mother very considerably towards the housekeeping expenses. That left her with very little money for herself, and the little she did have she spent on cheap cosmetics to cover her disfigurement. So that she had very little to spend on clothes.

She had no young man like the girls of her acquaintance, and she felt this was due to her disordered complexion. But an opportunity occurred to meet a young man. Her girl friend had two tickets for a dance, and asked her to come along, saying that a certain young man had expressed a wish to meet her.

Here at last was the opportunity she had been waiting for and hoping for. But she had no dance frock. She tried to borrow one and failed.

* * *

SHE went to a shop and "lifted" one. After the dance she found herself in the dock.

It so happened that the particular magistrate trying her case had said in court previously, "The next woman who comes before me for shoplifting will be sent to prison. There's too much of it going on. It's got to stop."

And this was the unfortunate girl.

Before that girl stepped in the dock the magistrate had made up his mind to send her to prison. He wanted to sentence her to three months' imprisonment, and it was only through the intervention of the probation officer that he was finally persuaded to put her on probation.

That story is a clear illustration of how pathological conditions may predispose to the committing of an offence.

Machinery for considering the medical influences affecting a delinquent exists.

It is not always used. Sometimes it is used inadequately.

The mental aspect of these shoplifting cases is always important, and in this respect the Institute of Medical Psychology is doing very good work. Unfortunately, the work is restricted for lack of funds.

Sometimes in making a probation order the court will advise the offender to submit herself for proper medical treatment. This treatment is proving extremely satisfactory in certain cases, and there is generally no relapse afterwards.

One such case, which I am told has been treated successfully by a doctor of the Institute, was that of a woman of just over forty, in reasonably comfortable circumstances. Her father had been very miserly, and as a child she had been taught to steal by her mother.

* * *

WHEN the thefts occurred in middle age it was stated she was suffering from a serious illness for which she had not had proper medical attention, and in addition she was leading a very unhappy married life. She stole things she did not need and never used.

After a course of treatment she went back to *exactly the same environment*, with all its attendant unhappiness and difficulties. But she was so much improved in health that there was no relapse of the stealing.

With regard to the retaining of stolen articles by a delinquent, the law provides that the court *may*, in addition to making a probation order, order the offender to pay such damages for injury, or compensation for loss, as the court thinks reasonable, up to a maximum of £25.

It is true that magistrates sometimes lose sight of this provision of the law, but it is equally true that it would be contrary to all modern ideals of justice if the offender were ordered to make restitution entirely beyond her power.

Lastly, one must always remember that by no means every case of the kind needs to be dealt with by the doctors. There are always those who steal things simply because they cannot resist the temptation to take articles which they want—putting aside for the moment the fact that somebody else is paying for their self-indulgence.

In dealing with them, it is wise not to give way to "sloppy sentimentality." Too much sympathy is then misplaced, and a little sharpness is undoubtedly the best medicine.

A Close-up of Trenchard's Crack Team

"BIG TWELVE"

WHO are the leading detectives in this country to-day—the men whose duty it will be to capture the criminals of the future?

How many people apart from those directly concerned with police work could name more than one or two of the higher detectives at present in charge at Scotland Yard?

How many, indeed, could name even one?

Things have altered very much at Scotland Yard in the last few years. The old order and routine have gone. Faces which were famous there only a few months back are never seen there now; soon many of them will be forgotten by the public they served so well.

Not long ago, until Lord Trenchard took over the reins at Scotland Yard, the names of all the leading detectives were household words. One heard of them almost every day—the great Wensley; square-jawed Cornish, bearded Berrett.

Other names spring readily to mind—Savage, Brown, Nicholls, Cooper, Ashley, Hawkins—all old-time, top-line detectives, men even the most brazen rogues feared; known throughout the world for the skill and daring with which they tackled their difficult, specialised and hazardous work.

Others have replaced them, men upon whom the limelight has not shone, but who will one day become just as famous.

It is our purpose to reveal something of the characters and personalities of the Yard's new Big Twelve, who have been selected by merit rather than seniority to become the crime-fighters of to-day.

First and foremost is John Horwell, who was recently promoted to the position of Chief-Constable of the Yard's Criminal Investigation Department.

Horwell's rise to power has been rapid and well deserved. For he is a born detective and has possessed an uncanny desire to probe mysteries almost from his childhood days.

Schoolboy sleuth

While finishing his education at a secondary school, he demonstrated his flair for detection to the amazement of the education authorities by solving a series of troublesome thefts which worried some of his young colleagues intensely.

Letters containing remittances from parents, sums of money secreted in dormitories, and various articles of value, had been persistently disappearing for months, but all previous enquiries as to the identity of the thief or thieves proved futile.

Then, unknown to anyone, young John Horwell set to work gathering evidence. Soon suspicion pointed to a school employee as the thief.

So, still working secretly, he got his father to send him a postal order, the number of which was already known to him.

The letter, as he surmised would be the case, did not reach him. He was glad—for he knew that his suspicions were confirmed.

The moment he had watched the postman arrive and go, he jumped on his bicycle and raced to the Post Office. He handed to the postmaster the number of the missing postal order and asked that all the clerks on duty should take special note of the person who came to cash it.

Four officials watched the postal order handed over, and identified the man who cashed it.

Later that morning young John Horwell walked into the head master's study and astounded him by handing in the name of the thief!

At first the head master refused to believe it, and felt inclined to lecture the lad on the dangerous policy of defaming other people's characters without good and proper cause.

When the postal clerks testified to the fact that young Horwell was right, and that he had preceded the thief to the office with information as to the number of the postal order, and the circumstances in which it was posted and delivered, the school authorities obtained from the amazed culprit a confession to all the previous robberies.

Never looked back

From the time he joined the Metropolitan Police as an ordinary constable, and "walked his beat," and performed "point" and "traffic" duties, John Horwell has never looked back.

A few years ago he was a detective-sergeant at Tottenham Court Road Police Station, London. During working hours he rarely took his mind off his duty. And in his leisure moments he studied every aspect of crime he could come across.

Later he was transferred to Paddington, and then placed in charge at Vine-street—promoted under the new scheme of police routine that was then being brought into force, and which has latterly been perfected by Lord Trenchard and his predecessor, Lord Byng.

Murder expert

He rose over the heads of several men who, if the old order had prevailed, might have expected to succeed to the post by seniority.

To-day he stands at the head of the greatest army of investigators in the world.

Horwell is in the right place. A more conscientious man rarely has entered the portals of Scotland Yard.

He is greatly esteemed by all.

Although the successful elucidation of intricate commercial frauds has always been his speciality, Chief-Constable Horwell has tackled many murder mysteries.

It was he who investigated the murder of Creed, the Bayswater grocer, and Webb, the wealthy West London art collector, who was slain in cold blood by a housebreaker whom he interrupted in the midst of a "haul" on returning unexpectedly to his flat.

An umbrella and a pipe are his inseparable comrades, and at his home at Hounslow, Middlesex, he has one of the finest collections of pipes in the country.

Cummings, the Yard's greatest athlete . . . he constantly undertakes confidential enquiries for the King

WILLIAMS MEWS
21

Hambrook—"cool, careful, shrewd . . . he has brought many murderers to book"

His hobbies are not as spectacular as those of some of his colleagues, but he can enjoy a book on crime detection even after he has spent tiring hours in probing a murder case; and he loves a good game of cards.

Country jaunts with members of his family in his car also provide him with well-earned pleasure, though he never takes the main roads.

He likes to turn off into sleepy country lanes, where he can enjoy the scenery and find restful recreation in seeing Nature at her best.

Arthur Askew is another of our best detectives. Yet who has heard of him?

He is a picked man who only a year or two ago was a sergeant, and, in the ordinary way, until the new scheme was introduced at the Yard, might have laboured on for years without promotion. He is one of the leading twelve to-day.

Stern, pale, and with untiring energy, he has successfully investigated cases which many of his older colleagues would have dropped.

Great cricketer

His friends call him the "Job Fraud King," for he possesses a remarkable skill in unravelling frauds in which rogues separate workless people from their savings.

Recently he secured the arrest and conviction of twenty-seven different men who, working independently, mulcted the public of something like £35,000 in individual investments, and more than £400,000 in company frauds.

In spite of his immense zest for work, Askew is not a strong man, and puts so much into his investigations that he is often exhausted at the end of the day.

It was he who brought to justice Probert and Roberts, the two blackguards who recently murdered a Portslade octogenarian.

During the trial he fainted twice while giving evidence and had to receive medical aid.

It was Askew, too, who investigated the famous Maundy Gregory "honours" case.

Askew's hobbies are few. He plays bowls and cricket and collects small antiques.

And what of Superintendent Yandell?

He is a man with an amazing memory, and has the reputation of being able to "spot" a forgery at sight.

In the last few years he has broken up at least six of the most dangerous gangs of forgers the criminal world has ever known.

One of his best pieces of work in this respect was when he rounded up a little secret society of forgers known in the underworld as the "Davis Ten."

Well-deserved rest

Headed by a super-penman named Graham Davis, and a rogue named Luke Donegal, this gang carried out an amazing series of forgeries in all parts of the country, and even perfected a device for extracting letters containing cheques (the signatures on which they imitated) from pillar-boxes without detection!

Yandell, who has successfully probed numerous murder mysteries, too, is the man who recently brought to book the fire-raisers who, under the leadership of Leopold Harris, as everyone now knows, swindled insurance companies over a long period.

Yandell was promoted for the great work he did in this protracted and involved case, and was given special leave after the criminals had been sentenced—a leave thoroughly well deserved

’ of the YARD —Who They Are

Yandell . . . the man forgers fear most

Howell, Trenchard's right-hand man. . . . a born detective

ter the tension and anxiety he had ced whilst directing the momentous quiries which brought the case to such successful conclusion.

Yandell plays golf and swims in s leisure moments, and we can re- al a fact which is known only to few—he was recently offered a ghly remunerative post in the insur- nce world if he would leave the Force. He refused it, and his decision is one nich Lord Trenchard was delighted to ceive. He is a man the Yard could spare.

Walter Hambrook enjoys the distinc- on of being another of our best tectives. Cool, careful, shrewd, he is man of very few words but tremendous ergy.

He is the only man who, when serving a much lower capacity, ever solved murder committed in the London Zoo. And, in bringing about the arrest of e murderer, he actually had to enter e cages of wild animals in order to ocure evidence which was vital to the se.

"Hambrook is a great murder specialist." He solved, among many her cases, the circumstances under nich Sidney Fox, the sexually mad uth-about-town, burned his mother death at a Margate hotel in order to tain the insurance money on a policy had specially taken out.

Hambrook, too, had charge of the in- iries which followed the Dartmoor utiny, and was extremely lucky to cape unscathed.

Walter Hambrook to-day is a Superin- ndent of the Yard's C.I.D.

Another C.I.D. Superintendent is elby—quiet, forceful, efficient. He recently figured conspicuously in the case at Croydon, where an aged woman was murdered, and in which two men were set free by the Court of Appeal after being sentenced to death, and a third man reprieved.

It was Helby who unravelled the famous case in which a university student "tied himself up." He has successfully probed several suspicious "open verdict" cases, and is an expert at fathoming "graft."

He spends most of his leisure moments at his Acton home, reading, or working, in his garden.

And what of "Fred" Bennett—one of the latest Superintendents to be "made"? Bennett is a man of indescribable courage. For years he commanded the "Squad."

Time and again, unknown to the public he serves so well, he has been taken to hospital for the treatment of injuries received in the hazardous work of chasing bandits.

He was once incapacitated for four months after he, with characteristic fearlessness, jumped from a "Squad" car on to the running board of a bandit's car when it was travelling at sixty miles an hour.

His courageous action led to the arrest of four of the most desperate criminals on the Yard's "wanted" list.

Bennett has no unusual hobbies. He reads, plays golf, and swims. But he loves his work, and is never happy unless he is doing it.

Then there is Chief Inspector Barker—tall, distinguished-looking, with hair turning slightly grey. He is a genius at unravelling intricate "commercial" cases, and often makes protracted tours to the provinces collecting evidence which leads important company promoters and spectacular fraudsmen to jail.

It is not generally known that Barker played the chief part in tracking down Browne and Kennedy, the murderers of Constable Gutteridge.

Bandit chaser

Close on his heels comes Chief-Inspector Sharpe—nicknamed "Nutty" by his friends at Scotland Yard, because he always wears his hat at a queer angle. Sharpe earned his high reputation as a detective on account of the splendid work he did in perfecting the "Flying Squad," and among his best achievements is one which stands out with particular brilliance.

This was when, single-handed, he boarded an East End 'bus which was half-filled with notorious thieves, most of whom he recognised as being "wanted" for a recent crime. He took charge of the vehicle, ordered the driver to go to Bethnal Green Police Station, and directed operations as, one by one, the men were taken into custody.

Sharpe is known as a man who never forgets a face, and he can "spot" a thief at sight!

The "Schoolmaster of the Yard" is the name familiarly given to Chief Inspector Keech. He is the finest lay-lawyer in the Force. Without reference to the numerous law-stocked books around him, he can often settle a difficult legal point the moment it is put to him. And during recent years many important police officers in the Metropolitan Police, and even from the provinces and abroad have received training from him in crime detection.

He is a non-smoker and a strict teetotaller. And often he acts as a Sunday school lecturer in his leisure hours.

Then there is John Sands. Although he weighs nearly seventeen stone, he has the energy of a lad. When he is off duty one finds Sands with a cigar always between his teeth.

Spectacular, too, has been his career. He solved the murder of Lord Lloyd's butler, who was killed after a quarrel by a pantry-boy.

One-word clue

He arrested the man who, following a drunken brawl in a low club in Soho, murdered Emile Ballada, the proprietor. He, as a very junior officer, made the chief enquiries in the famous "Mr. A." case, in which an Indian prince was blackmailed by a woman who had compromised him.

And, in a succession of cases too long to record, he sent to the gallows the man who killed Dr. Zeninides, the Greek defiler of women.

Mention must be made, too, of Chief-Inspector Young—tall, thin-faced, a man of untiring energy. He has figured in many murder mysteries, and one of his most notable cases was that in which Podmore was hanged for the murder of a man in an Eastbourne garage.

Like Barker, he has excelled in many difficult commercial frauds, and once solved an intricate case because one of the people involved had used an unusual Scots word which enabled him to narrow down the lines of his inquiries with successful results!

And, last, but not least, of the Yard's leading Twelve to-day, is Chief-Inspector Donaldson. You have seen his picture, with his inseparable pipe, in connection with the newspaper stories of the recent Brighton "Trunk" murder.

Donaldson is one of the latest "promotions," and excels in murder and fraud cases alike. With great courage he recently arrested some dangerous criminals, one of whom flourished a loaded revolver at him. He is one of the Yard's new "finds."

Well, that is a brief summary of the Yard's "Big Twelve."

Spies fear him

The greatest athlete at the Yard is Chief-Inspector Cummings of the Special Branch. He has had a hand in many espionage enquiries which it would not be in the public interest to divulge.

He is often in the company of the Royal Family, and constantly undertakes confidential enquiries for the King and his sons.

Cummings is the champion swimmer of the Metropolitan Police, and has an array of cups which many amateur champions have envied.

Now let us turn for a moment to the City of London Police, which, though a separate body, works closely with Scotland Yard. George Stubbings is the Chief Inspector of the C.I.D. there—a post to which he was only recently promoted.

Though his name has been rarely before the public, he is one of the finest detectives in the country

It was he, in fact, who brought Francis Lorang, the notorious "Blue Bird" financier, into the Old Bailey dock, after he had fled the country to live abroad luxuriously on what remained of something like £600,000 filched from the investing public in a succession of swindling companies.

Hatry, the great financier, who is now undergoing a sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude, is another of the famous company-promoting rogues whom Stubbings arrested.

Flying son

A variety of enquiries have claimed his attention.

There was, for example, the sensational case of Lord Kylsant, who has often testified to the fact that Stubbings was most gracious in his treatment towards him from the time of his arrest to his trial.

Among his closest friends Stubbings is known as "The Sticker." He never minds how long he works, and believes in doing a job well.

He never smokes and is a keen motorist. A great family man, he spends his spare time at his Nunhead home, which possesses one of the best rose gardens in England, or in motoring or playing bowls. In the latter recreation he excels, and, apart from winning many trophies, is the captain of the City of London team.

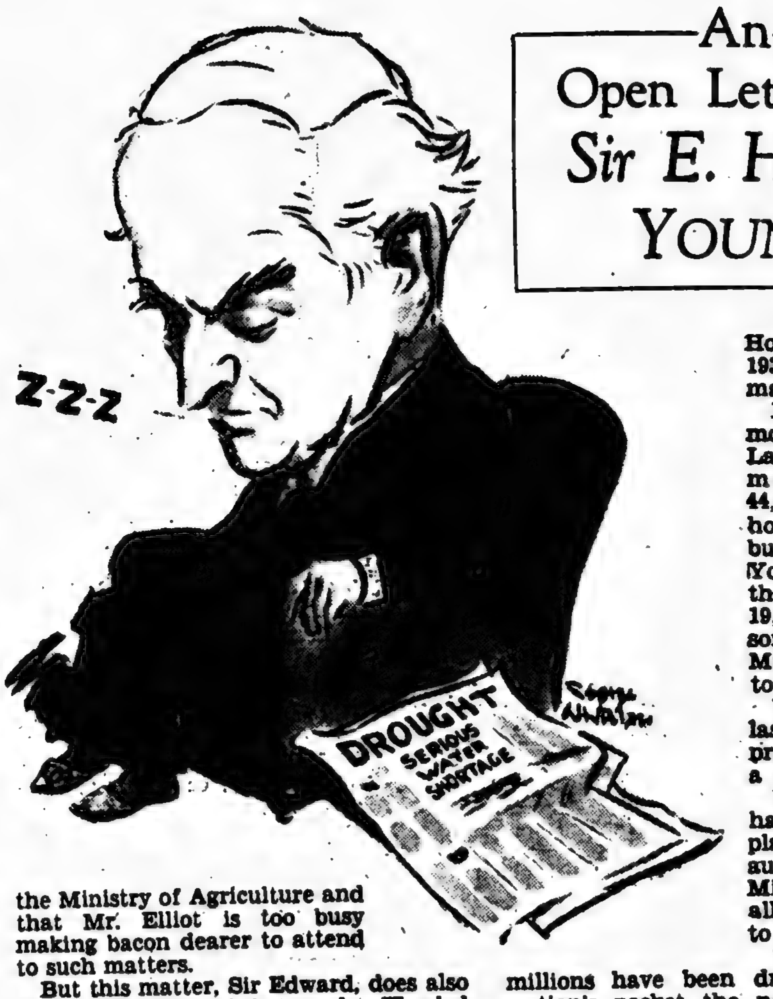
Every Thursday morning Stubbings, before he leaves for the City, watches for the postman, who brings to him regularly letters from Iraq, where the eldest of his sons, who is twenty, is serving as an officer in the Royal Air Force, in which he is regarded as a coming "ace."

Other great men at the Yard to-day collect such things as matchboxes, stamps, old guns, and all kinds of miscellaneous articles in the few hours they get for recreation purposes. Some box, wrestle, shoot, play chess and cards.

Watch all these men. We shall hear a lot about them in the future as they pit themselves against the enemies of society; and we should feel grateful to think that we have such sterling fellows massed on the side of law and order.

GET ON with it, or GET OUT!

An Open Letter to Sir E. Hilton YOUNG



DEAR SIR EDWARD,—You are Minister of Health. And, since the health of a nation is the foundation alike of its well-being and of its greatness, yours is the most important of all Ministerial jobs.

Yet you seem to me to be taking your responsibilities very lightly. You are dilatory when you should be active. You are indifferent when you should be keen.

May I remind you that your office is not an ornamental sinecure, but a very real job, and that much more is expected of a Minister of Health than the occasional reading out of a platitudinous speech drafted for him by his officials?

The Great Drought has been your testing; and it has found you out.

The fact that we have had rain in the past few days may seem to you to justify all your inertia. But it really does not affect the case.

The drought emergency has been grave. The suffering has been intense. And week after week, month after month, you have done nothing to grapple with the emergency, nothing to alleviate the suffering.

I say "you," not, with polite humbug, "the Ministry," because the responsibility is yours, personally and directly.

It is, Sir Edward, because of *your* indifference and dilatoriness that for months on end men and women and children in hundreds of English villages have had no adequate supply of clean, pure water, either for drinking or for cooking or for washing.

It is because of your indifference that sheep and cattle are suffering daily torments through lack of water, and that cottagers whose wages normally are barely enough for living, must either drink filthy water or pay far more than they can afford for scanty rations carted for many miles.

These things, Sir Edward, are your fault. And yet you wriggle and blame local authorities.

You are Minister of Health. You have powers enough: or, if you have not, Parliament would gladly have given them to you for the asking.

You could have taken steps, when the suffering first began, to ensure that to every village in the country whose own supplies had failed an adequate supply of clean water should be brought every day.

Technically the thing could have been done with the greatest ease. Far harder problems of water distribution were solved during the war. But it was not done. It is not being done now, though—despite the recent rains—the need is still there.

It is *your* fault, Sir Edward, that children in the English countryside have been drinking dirty water. And now you suggest that local authorities should chlorinate the water so that, dirty as it is, it can be drunk without risk of typhoid.

I should not care to have it on my conscience that I had condemned British children to drink chlorinated filthy water.

But your failure to cope with this emergency is not your only offence.

I could draw up a long indictment. But let a few items suffice.

What are you doing about flooding? Shortage of water is a curse: so is excess. Every winter in this country hundreds, even thousands, of homes are ruined, thousands of acres of land are spoiled, because of floods.

Yet these floods are, in nearly every case, quite preventable. Millions of pounds of damage and incalculable suffering could be avoided every year if the Government would do its duty.

The Labour Parliament of 1929 passed the necessary legislation. The Labour Government began to do the work. But you and your colleagues have held it up.

You will reply, of course, that it is not your fault. Nothing ever is. You will lay the blame on the local authorities. You will explain that this is a job for the Ministry of Agriculture and that Mr. Elliot is too busy making bacon dearer to attend to such matters.

But this matter, Sir Edward, does also affect the health of the people. Flooded homes breed disease: and you are Minister of Health. Is it really no concern of yours? Is nothing any concern of yours?

Ah! but you reply, look what I am doing about housing. Look at my great plans for slum clearance.

Indeed, Sir Edward? We have heard a lot about plans. We have heard a lot of speeches.

But the working people of this country cannot live in speeches. They want houses.

And what are you doing to provide houses—houses to let—houses which the lower-paid wage-earners can afford to rent?

You have held up the operation of the Housing Act of 1930. You have made it a fiasco.

In the last months of the Labour Government, between 44,000 and 45,000 houses were being built every month. You have reduced the number to 19,000. Is that something for a Minister of Health to boast of?

Your own Act of last year has proved a fraud and a failure.

It is you who have held up the plans of local authorities. Your Ministry will not allow the councils to build.

"When tens of millions have been drained from the nation's pocket the new rebuilt areas will be almost as unhealthy as the former slum," says one famous town-planning expert.

There is nobody who understands the housing question who believes for a minute in your grandiose promises. Your much-boosted campaign has faded out. You talk a lot. But when it comes to action, you are consistently lacking.

Pull yourself together and get down to it. Don't mumble about local authorities. Just see to it that everyone in this country gets at once clean, pure water for drinking and working and washing—and plenty of it.

That is your first plain duty as Minister of Health. If you are not prepared to do it, well—Get out.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Major G. C. TRYON,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—When a man with shrapnel in his chest recently applied for a disability pension, your Department denied that the disability was due to war service.

This is the statement of a county director of the British Red Cross Society, and I have dealt with so many pension disgraces that I can quite believe it.

Maybe it is thought that the poor fellow got his shrapnel while playing darts, or even put it there just to annoy you, for I know that the obvious is usually not apparent to your assistants.

Not even shrapnel would make any impression on them.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor FRANCIS C. BRAND,
Braintree, Essex

BRAND,—Your fine of £100 was not a penny too much for removing stamps from an employee's unemployment insurance card.

I have attacked this abominably mean form of fraud until I am tired; it is the more despicable when a man in your public position stoops to it.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HENRY BETTERTON,
London, S.W.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—You have a great chance as chairman of the new Public Assistance Board, and, believe me, the public expects that you will seize it.

We have the right to demand that you will bring a more human spirit into the workings of the public relief system; that those who have fallen on bad times will be helped with sympathy and understanding.

If you accomplish that you need have no regrets for ending your political career.

JOHN BULL.

BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM: You say people who "speak as though bombing planes set out with Christ's blessing" have misread Bible. They have misunderstood Christ.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN DONEATHY,
Caledonia Street, Thornaby

DEAR SIR,—When your landlord walked uninvited into your home to serve you with a summons seeking possession, you promptly ejected him.

I am glad the charge of assault he brought against you was dismissed.

The citizen is left with little nowadays that he can call his own, but I am glad the privacy of his home is not just a picturesque legal fiction.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN EMMINS,
Roshel Road, Stratford

DEAR SIR,—Summoned for driving a lorry without due care, you lost your job, had to walk 120 miles to the court and was then fined £2 and costs.

Anxious as I am to see the roads made safer, I think you have suffered out of all proportion to the offence. Let us hope your late employer will read this and think likewise.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ALICE RATHBONE,
Kensington

DEAR MADAM,—You exercised the great quality of mercy at the Old Bailey when you expressed sorrow for the eighteen-year-old lad who knocked you down and tried to snatch your handbag, but whom you had been instrumental in bringing to justice. And it delighted you to know that he would not be flogged, since he was medically unfit for such punishment.

Your attitude is splendid, and I'm glad Sir Ernest Wild marked his appreciation of your other quality, courage, by making you an award of £5 from public funds.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor F. SLATER,
Wirksworth, Derbyshire

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—"Trying to prevent a man doing what he liked with his own property," you stormed when a town planning scheme was wisely adopted to prevent a beautiful district from being ruined by ribbon building and other disgraces.

Unlike the rest of the council, you seem unaware that the jerry-builder's day is over. Why not wake up?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. BEATRICE TISDALL,
Kensington, London, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—Lord Merrivale, in granting you a divorce, described your attitude as "generous and womanly." That was surely the highest tribute he could pay you, and certainly you deserved it.

It became clear that you would do nothing to impair the future happiness of your husband and the woman he had "married" in Geneva, and the judge was moved to make the decree absolute after only a week's delay.

I admire your selflessness and hope that your future, too, will be very happy.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNTESS OF READING,
Curzon Street, Mayfair

DEAR LADY READING,—Your kindly interest in the Cathedral Pilgrimage will be shared, I hope, by a vast number of people.

By buying a half-crown pilgrim's ticket they will be able to visit our fine cathedrals and at the same time help to relieve distress, for all money raised in this way is to be given to the unemployed.

There could be no better pilgrimage.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ERNEST WILD,
Recorder of London

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—On your resumption of duties, you said in reply to congratulations that it was almost worth while to have gone through such a perilous illness to realise what wonderful friends you have at the Old Bailey.

I, too, offer my congratulations. Never was there a finer or more merciful Recorder in the annals of London, and I'm delighted that you are now back.

JOHN BULL.

Detective HARVEY,
Tower Bridge

DEAR SIR,—Three months ago a young man was charged as a suspected person and remanded. When he appeared again he revealed how you went out of your way to get him a job, and helped his wife and family in many ways; now he is to be given a chance to "go straight."

You are a credit to the Force to which you belong, and I thank you for a fine piece of Christian charity.

JOHN BULL.

SEDITION— the Real Peril

by

A. G. Gardiner

IF I had any influence with the Government I should exercise it at this moment. I should urge them to withdraw the Incitement to Disaffection Bill. I should do this not because I disagree with the motive of the Bill, but because I believe it is mistaken, unnecessary and, in the circumstances of the time, mischievous

No proposal of recent years has caused such deep and widespread disquiet. This is intelligible enough. Liberty, in all its forms, is a corpse from the Rhine to Vladivostock. Parliamentary government is dead, the Press everywhere is muzzled, and personal freedom, whether of thought, speech or action, is forbidden. Europe has not lain under such a blight of tyrannous suppression for a century.

The fear that that blight may extend to this country is natural, and it is this fear which has cast suspicion over the Incitement to Disaffection Bill. It is felt to be the thin end of the wedge of a policy which, if driven home, would destroy liberty here as it has been destroyed on the Continent.

To be fair to the Government, I do not think that that sinister intention is in its mind. The origin of the Bill is not in doubt. It springs from the events at Invergordon in 1931, when serious trouble took place in the Navy which created such alarm here and was hailed in the Russian Press as the beginning of a naval mutiny such as that which played so large a part in the triumph of Lenin.

A blunder

It was nothing of the sort. There was no political motive at work, and the Communist Party had as little to do with it as the Fascists. The grievance was about a mere question of pay, and if it had been wisely handled there would have been no trouble at all. But it was not wisely handled; there was trouble; the Lower Deck for the first time realised its powers when acting corporately, and the authorities at the Admiralty were left with deep concern about the future.

And largely out of this concern came the Sedition Bill, which is designed to suppress revolutionary propaganda in the Services.

I think it is mistaken because there is nothing to support the view that the disaffection at Invergordon was political, or that Communist propaganda is a serious menace in the Navy. The spirit of the Lower Deck has been described, I believe with truth, as "the finest in the world," and all that is needed to preserve that spirit is a better understanding between the senior officers and the Lower Deck. If there had been that understanding the Invergordon incident would not have occurred.

Mutiny

And the Bill as a remedy is not only mistaken: it is unnecessary. No Government can, of course, palter with mutiny. Least of all can a Parliamentary Government palter with it. The very essence of democratic government is that the Services are subordinate to the nation acting through Parliament. If that condition goes, democracy goes and a military tyranny has us by the throat.

Nor can revolutionary propaganda in the Services be tolerated. It is not the business of the Services to dictate the Government we shall have. That is the function of citizens, including those who serve the State in the capacity of soldiers and sailors.

It is impossible, even if it were desirable, to prevent soldiers and sailors reading what they like and having what views on public affairs they choose. They think what they like and vote as they please. But they cannot be permitted to organise revolutionary "cells" or disseminate literature which foments disloyalty to the Parliamentary system of which they are the servants. Liberty must be qualified by discipline.

The soldier is all right—the Government must look beyond him for the real danger to the Commonwealth.

But the point here is that there is no need for new powers to deal with mutiny or incitement to mutiny. For nearly 140 years, ever since the Mutiny at the Nore, there have been powers for dealing with incitement to mutiny. They have been adequate for a century and a half. They are adequate to-day. In the attempt to strengthen them the Government introduced a Sedition Bill of the most far-reaching description. In seeking to prevent seditious propaganda in the Services, it struck against the elementary rights of citizens and the freedom of the Press. Almost any Pacifist of anti-militarist propaganda might be suspect, and the printer of a newspaper or a book containing such propaganda become subject to the attentions of the police, including the right to search his premises.

The alarm which these proposals created was not limited to any party. It was shared by the Press and the public of all political complexions. One of the most powerful attacks came from Sir Wm. Holdsworth, the Vinerian Professor at Oxford and author of a history of English Law, who, although a man of Conservative opinions, saw in the Bill a serious infringement of the liberties of the Press and of the public.

Opposition

The Government has very wisely bowed to the storm. The Bill has for the past two months been before a Standing Committee of the House and most of its teeth have been drawn. Some of them have been drawn by Sir Thomas Inskip on behalf of the Government itself, which plainly realises that it has disturbed a hornet's nest, and that the hornets include the most responsible members even of the Conservative Party. The Committee has turned the Bill inside out, and especial credit is due to Mr. Dingle Foot and Mr. Maxton, who have devoted themselves valiantly to extracting the poison from the Bill.

Trial by jury, which is a guarantee of publicity, can now be claimed by the accused, and before anyone can be convicted of seducing a soldier from his duty or allegiance it must be proved that he did it (in the words of the Mutiny Act of 1797) "maliciously and advisedly."

Still more important is the Inskip amendment which removes the onus of proving his innocence from the accused. The prosecution must now prove that the accused had the objectionable documents in his possession "with intent to commit or to aid, abet, counsel or procure the commission of an offence" under this Act.

This means that the measure will not be used to destroy free discussion among civilians. It will merely be used to stop an agitator who by printed or spoken words deliberately addressed to the troops, plainly incites them to mutiny. That power is implicit in the Act of 1797.

Drop it

But amendment is not enough. Even amended, there is nothing to be said for the Bill and much against it. The Government should drop it. It has made a mistake in bringing it forward, and it would show courage and wisdom in withdrawing it.

Incidentally, the effect on the Services would be excellent. It would remove suspicion and create good will and confidence.

In this Bill the Government are barking up the wrong tree.

There is need for a reconsideration of our attitude towards sedition; but that need does not apply so much to the Services as to the new quasi-military developments in the civilian field.

The threat to Parliamentary government does not come from the Forces. It comes from organisations like Sir Oswald Mosley's Black Shirts. These movements are definitely revolutionary, and if their activities are not subject to the law, then Parliament should lose no time in amending the law.

We need a new definition of sedition which will make anything in the nature of private armies an offence against the Commonwealth.

Final Opportunity

Your final opportunity to secure JOHN BULL's Great Free 25s. Birthday Celebration Gift—"The Universal Home Lawyer"—appears on pages 4 and 5 of this issue. Act at once—before it is too late.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. D. Ward Cutler, of Rothamsted Experimental Station, on—

MAN'S Swelled Head

WHEN strolling through the world's
vast zoo,
Its animals I scan,
The one that seems to me most
stuffed
With self-esteem and quaintly puffed
With arrogance is Man!

Why this should be is far from plain;
The zebra's speedy leg
He has not, nor the tiger's strength,
Nor the giraffe's impressive length,
Nor can he lay an egg!

He seems quite insignificant
Compared with, say, the whale;
He's ill-equipped with teeth and claws,
His looks would never win applause.
He even lacks a tail!

Despite all this, the creature is
Inordinately vain;
Lord of the zoo he claims to be,
By reason of a something he
Is pleased to call his brain!

Cynics sometimes argue that man's brain—judged by achievements such as want in the midst of plenty—is such an inefficient instrument that he might as well have got rid of it when he shed his tail.

It is, however, his brain that distinguishes man from other inhabitants of the terrestrial zoo, and, in seeking to tell the British Social Hygiene Council summer school what man will be like in a million years, I suggested that his advance will be mainly in the brain and that the only physical change will be a considerable increase in the size of his forehead.

There is, of course, a school which holds that he will reveal other physical changes. They argue that as our ancestors lost their tails when they had no further use for them, our descendants will in time lose their legs, as mechanical transport will render nether limbs useless except for advertising ladderless hose.

Others again contend that as the world becomes more mechanised man employs his brain less. The modern suburbanite, they point out, has his eggsanbacon handed to him on a more or less lordly dish, whereas his ancestor had to use brains to trap his breakfast.

Similarly, they assert that circumventing bulls and bears in the City calls for less mental alertness than was required of a cave dweller who, coming home from work, was liable to find a brontosaurus blocking the entrance to Mon Repos.

"It is nonsense to talk of man's brain growing larger," writes one critic. "All that is happening is that the misguided creature's head is becoming more swollen.

"And doubtless it will continue to swell every time he invents a new way of making weird noises, accumulating unpayable debts, getting from somewhere to somewhere else at an impossible speed, or—most sublime insanity of all—newer, quicker and more unpleasant ways of killing himself!"

Humanity's head has been growing in size
for ages and ages and ages;
For Man is convinced that he's ten times
as wise
As all of antiquity's sages!
Each brand-new invention has brought
him a thrill;
His hats were, for instance, made bigger
When first he found out he was able to
kill
Just by pulling a trigger!

Then followed new marvels! Did
Socrates dream
Of bombs, high explosives or gases?
Such glories make saps like Diogenes
seem
No better than half-witted asses!
Yet one further triumph—the proof that
a mind
Like Plato's was deader than mutton!—
Will come when Man's able to wipe out
Mankind
Just by pressing a button!

PARK DRIVE

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In view of the great popularity of the first 'Champions' cards Park Drive cigarettes will contain **in all packets including 5's** a wonderfully interesting second series of 48 Champions including

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LEN HARVEY

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W. L. HANDLEY
DOROTHY ROUND
EARL HOWE
BOWES
LARRY GAINS

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Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

The New Palace Pier at St. Leonards which certain enterprising financiers hope to make famous. Will they do it?

Astounding SEASIDE PIER Scandal

A NUMBER of ambitious and "stop-at-nothing" company promoters—whose curious activities have been engaging the attention of our Special Investigator for ome time—have recently been concenrating on certain South Coast resorts in ircumstances which call for immediate ublicity.

Though their complete programme is oth far-reaching and glamorous, these eople have so far focussed their chief nterests on the historic town of Hastngs, which, with slighting disrespect for he memory of William the Conqueror, hey propose in their own words "to ut on the map."

Since the early part of this year senation after sensation has occurred at Hastings in connection with the old t. Leonards Palace Pier. According o advertisements published under the ame of a man called Arthur Collins, f The Bridge, Lewisham, London, this s now "the ideal spot for a day's njoyment."

Collins is described as the new lessee f the enterprise which, since he reuscitated it a few months ago, has hanged its name to the New Palace Pier. Collins also enjoys the distinction f being the sole director of a remarkble concern called Southern Piers, Limited, which supposedly owns the e-dressed undertaking.

This was formed only as recently as December last with the comprehensive bject of "acquiring or leasing any pier r piers in England, and to maintain nd develop the same and all jetties and anding and shipping places. . . ."

It is starting by attempting to put Hastings "on the map."

Wise financiers, when they review the isastrous record of the old St. Leonards ier, which has burned holes in many ockets in its time, have thoughtfully ecided that very big money indeed would be required to finance such a ransformation scene. Yet Mr. Collins nd certain very interesting colleagues e have discovered working behind the cenes, have unlimited optimism.

But Southern Piers, Limited, is rich nly in its expectations. Its authorised apital is a mere £1,000. And Collins, esides being the sole registered director, and the advertised "lessee," happens o be the principal shareholder.

He holds just 100 of the 102 shares which, according to the available eturns at Somerset House, have been o far allotted.

Free tickets

Although it was only in March last hat the "New Palace Pier" opened under these new auspices, its management, or rather lack of management, was soon engaging police attention.

Apparently Mr. Collins and those who re interested with him in the underaking decided to make it popular by giving away shoals of complimentary ickets to encourage people to visit the ier. We happen to know, for example, hat out of 418 people present at one pecially-advertised function there, 376 were admitted for nothing.

The police discovered that the Pier "sideshow" which benefited most hrough this complimentary scheme was he licensed bar, which was constantly rowded to overflowing and the scene f unpleasant disturbances.

There was a lot of disorder and noise, and on one occasion two intoxicated men fought fiercely, and one was injured so seriously, suffering among other injuries a broken nose, that he had to be detained in hospital!

Such conduct was denounced by the chairman of the local magistrates as very undesirable, and the promoters of the "New Palace Pier" were told that if any further disturbances or irregularities occurred the whole question of the licence would have to be considered.

The wholesale granting of complimentary passes, which naturally grossly inflated the figure of admission, was criticised by the police.

Their origin

Now who is Arthur Collins? His connection with this venture is already proving itself a matter of close interest to firms who, having been commissioned to supply goods, or execute work, in connection with this plan to "put Hastings on the map," are finding it no easy task to get their bills settled.

Actually, Collins is just a mere dummy—a nominee for much more interesting people in the background, whose financial records are so linked with discreditable and disastrous transactions and company deals that their connection with any venture is sufficient to raise uneasy doubts.

Though Mr. Collins (whose real name, by the way, is Arthur Cohen) is heralded as the sole director of Southern Piers, Limited, and as the lessee of the New Palace Pier, there are three people who play a much more prominent part in its affairs.

They are two brothers named David and Philip Lannon and a man named Charles Henry Genese.

All three have been known by much less sounding British names—for David and Philip Lannon were previously notorious as Davidoff and Pincus Gershgorn, while Genese in earlier enterprises rejoiced in his real name of Carl Henry Theodore Rudolph Strasburg.

Collins, incidentally, happens to be one of the brothers-in-law of the Lannon brothers, and is often joined in an advisory capacity on the pier by his brother, Harry, who is also a confirmed member of the "Lannon group."

Some idea of the close connection which has for years existed between these people can be readily illustrated in the promotion, five years ago, of a £250,000 company which finally failed in very inglorious circumstances.

Behind the scenes were the Lannon Brothers, and another notorious company promoter.

According to the prospectus of this £250,000 concern, Mr. Henry Genese had contracted to pay £35,000 to two Americans for the patent rights of a talking machine which the new company was to exploit.

In return for his gracious services Genese was to receive £75,000 from the new company as the purchase price of these patents, and, among other benefits, a royalty of 6d. on every machine sold.

Incidentally, Mr. Harry Collins, of Park Lane, London, was to be paid £20,000 for "tools and dies necessary to produce the machine."

Actually, these patents and dies had proved a dismal failure in America.

Enquiries made at the time at the Park Lane address revealed the name of Harry Collins on a brass plate with that of Mr. Philip Lannon, and it is interesting to note that further investigations showed that he was living at The Bridge, Lewisham, which happens to be the officially registered address of the brother, Arthur Collins, who is now described as the sole director of Southern Piers, Ltd., and the "Lessee" of the New Palace Pier!

Judge speaks

About the time of the flotation of the disastrous £250,000 concern the Lannon Brothers were running a notorious venture called Anstey's Trust—a money-lending enterprise which was constantly criticised in the Press.

In the filed particulars of this company Mr. Genese was described as a clerk, and was in fact in the employ of the Lannons. He still is—at the New Palace Pier.

In one transaction effected by the Lannons while running the Anstey's Trust Mr. Justice Romer made some very strong comments, and describing it as harsh and unconscionable, ordered the interest they had charged on a loan to be reduced from 461 to 60 per cent.!

At present David and Philip Lannon are running another money-lending venture called the Paget Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., which has likewise been constantly criticised in the Press.

Enquiry reveals that this Corporation has played a great part in the acquisition of the New Palace Pier. For years the old company running it has been heavily in debt, and started with more than £20,000 due to contractors.

Debenture holders, who have for years had a very bad deal for their money, last summer sold their debentures to the Paget Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., the directors of which are David and Philip Lannon and their wives, for a figure which I do not know.

The Lannons thereupon put a receiver in, and appointed Arthur Collins as "lessee," keeping themselves nicely behind the scenes as far as the registered particulars and literature respecting the New Palace Pier is concerned.

On the pier itself they are not nearly so shy. David and Philip Lannon are constantly there giving their orders to Collins, Genese and others, and, for the sake of convenience, have had a nicely furnished room constructed on the pier itself, and have taken a flat in the conveniently adjacent Warrior Square.

Mr. David Lannon, indeed, is generosity personified in Hastings, and has intimated his willingness to entertain people of local influence with cigars and champagne.

Big money

He has given it out, with the open bombast for which he is noted, that he proposes shortly to float a £100,000 company to procure funds with which to make a success of this pier which has never paid.

That being so, we feel more than justified in giving the investing public in advance these salient facts as to the inner nature of the scheme and the identity and records of its promoters.

To give a full list of the ventures which the Lannon Brothers have been associated with would be impossible. Time and again their tangled affairs have been thrashed out in the bankruptcy courts, and hard things have been said of their conduct by officials.

Goods, which in some cases were obtained on credit, even disappeared mysteriously, and tremendous losses were sustained by trade creditors in questionable circumstances.

Let us take just one case in point—a Lannon company called Phillip Clay and Co., Ltd. When this was wound up after a short career unsecured creditors lost £27,570; though, during the concern's existence, £19,973 went in "directors' fees," and £17,559 in "salaries"

In these circumstances we shall watch the developments of Southern Piers, Ltd., and the New Palace Pier, with interest.

While it would naturally not be our wish to hamper any sound commercial project, the public nevertheless has a full right to know the details of all cases where notorious people work through nominees—*particularly when they propose to make public appeals for funds.*

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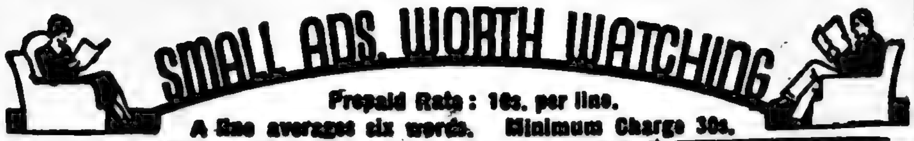

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Monstrous Mystery of BURNED BABY

LOCAL authorities in the city of Wakefield, administrative centre of the West Riding of Yorkshire, are rather prone to take pride in the municipal maternity service.

For Wakefield is a town which owns its special Maternity Home; a fine private house transformed into an admirable institution, and also a well-organised pre-natal clinic.

The infantile mortality rate in Wakefield is 73 per thousand births, a favourable figure when compared with the rates in other industrial places of a similar kind, although considerably higher than the average rate of the whole country, which stands at 65.

That is one side of the picture in Wakefield.

And there is another, which reveals a pathetic tragedy of disappointed motherhood.

To see that second picture, and to realise the heartbreak of it all, one must knock at the door of a neat, flat-fronted house in Elvey Street, Wakefield, and, on admission, talk with the woman who lives there, Mrs. Elsie Hopwood.

The grief that only women can know has stricken this young wife.

Her first-born son is dead; his life sacrificed as a result of an unaccountable, unexplained mishap which occurred in the Wakefield Corporation Maternity Home.

As a callous reminder of her trouble to this mother, who has no child, is the account delivered to her husband by the Wakefield Corporation:—

"Mr. Fred Hopwood,
11, Elvey Street, Wakefield.
To the Wakefield Corporation, Dr.
Maternity Hospital Department.
City Fund.

Description.	£	s.	d.
To nursing and maintenance charges in respect of Mrs. Elsie Hopwood— Confinement and 14 days' nursing, 4s. 6d. a day	3	3	0
Less paid	0	10	0
	£2	13	0

N.B.—This Account is now due. Payment to the City Collectors is requested on demand, or the Controller, Rates Department, No. 10, Town Hall, Wakefield."

Ruthless red tape

It is important to regard that bill, for, because of everything that happened, an undertaking was given to Mr. Hopwood that no charges would be made by the Corporation for his wife's confinement.

Yet the account has been served and stands. Routine and red tape pay no regard to verbal promises.

Let the facts concerning Mrs. Elsie Hopwood, and the death of her son, tell their story. Only on the facts can judgment be entered for or against the Wakefield City Corporation and its Maternity Home.

Facing the coming of her first baby, Mrs. Hopwood took every possible care. She attended regularly for advice at the maternity clinic, and because she wanted what she deemed would be the best attention, entered her name for admission.

Her time at hand, she was taken to the Home one afternoon, and the child was delivered at six o'clock the same evening.

As showing the system which maintains at that institution, it must be recorded in black and white that Mrs. Hopwood did not see a doctor on her admission. Indeed, the first time she was visited by a doctor was the morning after the birth.

No medical officer attended her confinement. She passed through her ordeal without the relief of any general anæsthetic, the necessary services being rendered by the nurses of the institution.

A fine boy

Apparently that is the practice at this institution. Doctors are not called to any confinement which is straightforward and normal. Only in cases of difficulty is a doctor by the bedside. The nurses, gaining experience in midwifery, look after the mothers at the crisis.

Whether, in that respect, the institution is open to criticism is a matter of opinion—the point is one outside the main issue of this unhappy story. We, however, have not the smallest doubt that, in common humanity, some reforms should be introduced.

The child born to Mrs. Hopwood was a splendid boy, weighing just under seven pounds, healthy and without blemish—the baby the mother had prayed to have given her.

He flourished exceedingly for a few days, until one evening the mother—the baby had been brought to her for nursing—noticed that there was a severe burn and blistering at the back of one of the legs.

Immediately the attention of the ward sister was called to this injury, and dressings were applied.

From that moment the baby ailed, but the father, making enquiries about his son, was assured that in a little time everything would be all right, and he would be able to have his wife and baby back home again.

Therefore, it was an amazing surprise to the father to receive an urgent message, when at his work, calling him to the Clayton General Hospital, as the baby was dangerously ill and had been removed to that institution.

What had happened was that the wound of the burn had become septic, and the condition of the child was beyond the treatment of the Maternity Home.

Wakefield Maternity Home—a fine private house transformed into an admirable institution. But it has been the scene of a most regrettable tragedy

Three operations were performed on that poor infant with the object of draining the septic infection, but all to no purpose. Little Derick Hopwood was beyond all medical skill and died after a life of three weeks.

An inquest was held by Mr. C. J. Haworth, the local coroner, and a most painstaking attempt was made to discover how this baby came to be burned in such a way when under the care of the Maternity Home.

That the injury to the leg, which caused the septic poisoning, was due to a burn, was proved by medical evidence.

But the mystery of how the burn occurred was never explained. A suggestion only was offered that the burn arose from a too hot water-bottle placed in the baby's cot.

To test this theory a bottle was filled with boiling water, placed in its proper covering, and passed to the members of the jury for their inspection. But it was agreed by coroner and jury that for a bottle, so covered, to burn *through its cover* was highly unlikely.

So the question emerged—Was the hot-water bottle placed in the cot actually covered as it should have been?

Emphatically the statement was made that the bottle was, in fact, so covered.

Life Sacrificed

Dr. T. Gibson, the Medical Officer of Health for Wakefield, declared that the whole affair remained to him a mystery, with nothing to elucidate it. He had tried bottles with boiling water, and had found that, if properly covered, they would not burn any normal skin.

Yet the baby *was burned* when in the Maternity Home, and the burns were the cause of death.

Eventually, this was the verdict of the jury: Death due to burns, but no definite evidence to show how the burns were caused.

Obviously the only verdict possible in view of all the evidence.

Yet what an unsatisfactory feeling is left. From whichever angle the case is reviewed, a serious reflection must inevitably rest on the Wakefield Maternity Home—a child life sacrificed through something unaccountable that happened behind the walls of that institution.

Mother's anguish

And what of the parents of this burned baby? The mother is still suffering from the shock which followed the loss of her child. She has required frequent medical attention which has placed the husband, who is only a poor man, at considerable expense.

He has applied to the Public Health Committee of the Wakefield Corporation for some compensation and relief from his liabilities, but all to no avail.

Indeed, he has not even received an official letter of regret for the tragedy.

What he has received is the bill from the Corporation, although, we repeat, he was told most explicitly that no charge would be made him in view of all the circumstances, and that a letter excusing him the debt would be forwarded.

That letter he still awaits.

Quite frankly we think it is time that whoever may be responsible should take a more humane and compassionate view of their administrative duties.

At the same time we suggest that urgent reforms are due at the Wakefield Maternity Centre.

There must be no repetition of such a tragic unsolved "mystery" in Wakefield.

In the Morning . . .

IT was 5.45 a.m.—the time most people are in bed. A figure stooped at a fireplace blowing into life a wood fire that was merely intended to give a warm blaze for a little time.

Then, as the flames leapt up cheerily, he moved into another room to attend to other things.

The hour, the circumstances—it all seems strange until you remember that these were the rooms of a police constable, part of the private quarters of a Warwickshire police station. A policeman must return from duty at strange times and go out at strange times, whatever the weather.

* * *

That hasty fire in the wee small hours, then, is explained. But not the scene that followed.

The smell of burning brought him rushing into the room again. Clothes near the fire and other personal property were ablaze. A spark from the crackling fire had started it all. Despite the fury of his efforts to extinguish it, the damage was such that it would take many weeks' pay to replace what was lost.

He saw no way out of his predicament—not even the fact that he had signed as a registered reader of JOHN BULL, for that had been only six days before.

But he had signed the little form. That was enough for us. And we, as he acknowledged in the little letter of thanks he sent us afterwards, were as good as our word. We paid at once.

By the way, that little form is reproduced for your benefit on page 2. It costs nothing to sign it.

HURRY!

Your final opportunity to secure JOHN BULL's great—one for you and one for friend—free 25s. Birthday Celebration Gift of "The Universal Home Lawyer" appears on pages 4 and 5. These forms *must* be posted at once.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 right away.

OUT TOMORROW

(FRIDAY JULY 6)

A GREAT NEW PICTURE NEWSPAPER

OUT to-morrow, Friday, July 6th—No. 1 of an entirely new kind of newspaper—WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED—vivid and vital—in keeping with the spirit of the age. News—events—features of absorbing interest—WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED flashes them in front of you in living, arresting, dramatic all-photogravure pictures.

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED is the first weekly newspaper of its kind in this country. Open it and you will be thrilled by something the like of which you have never seen before.

Don't miss No. 1—out to-morrow—Friday, July 6th. The demand will be unprecedented. Secure your copy early and give your newsagent a standing order to deliver the WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED every Friday.

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED

ALL PHOTOGRAVURE · · EVERY FRIDAY · · TWOPENCE

LOVELY CHARITY DECOYS

A Queer Beauty Parade

COUNTLESS devices have been evolved by those who specialise in collecting funds for charities, but something quite new in this respect has lately been brought to our notice by readers who have been puzzled by a series of singular advertisements in certain daily papers.

These advertisements have been headed "War Charity Appeal" and have intimated that mannequins are required to help "whole or part time" and that there is a prospect of good pocket-money for those who respond.

It is interesting to note that in most cases no indication has been given as to the name or status of the war charity concerned, but that interviews have had to be arranged over the telephone, a number being mentioned in the advertisements for this purpose.

Those who have been sufficiently attracted by this mysterious offer to ring the number given have been asked to go to an address in High Street, Kensington, London, where they have been received and interviewed by a lady giving the name of Miss L. Stuart.

Miss Stuart is most efficient and experienced in sponsoring charity ventures and generally describes herself as "organiser" of numerous appeals undertaken by her in this capacity for a number of good causes.

The proposition which she has latterly outlined to applicants is ingenious in the extreme. Her special interest in mannequins is dictated by her desire to take advantage of an arrangement she proposes to make with certain big stores for tapping fresh sources of charity.

In brief, her plan is to send out collectors, selected for their beauty and charm, and exquisitely gowned, to mingle with professional mannequins in dress displays at fashionable establishments whose patrons are of the wealthiest class.

Miss Stuart's offers are generally of a most attractive character.

A new idea in charity schemes—collectors in the mannequin parade!

Worthy Cause

Applicants are told that she is willing to pay them 25 per cent. of everything they succeed in collecting from these wealthy clients—in other words, 5s. in the £.

One of the principal charity organisations in which she is particularly interested is the Disabled Officers' Garden Homes, which is worthily supported by prominent people.

The object of this charity is to provide homes for partially disabled officers, and the public is asked to help the Disabled Officers' Garden Homes to make life less hard for physically and mentally wrecked soldiers and sailors.

It has been stressed in some of its literature that all workers are voluntary.

The founder and honorary organising secretary of this well-meaning undertaking is a Mrs. A. J. Macdonnell, and there can be no possible doubt as to her good faith.

But her entry into the world of charity was marked by somewhat unusual incidents.

Some years ago she was, according to her own story, sleeping in a garden in Rome when she was visited by a strange dream.

When she awoke it was with the firm conviction that she had a divine mission to perform in helping to succour victims of the Great War and their dependents.

So wholehearted was her belief, that she returned to England at once and, invoking the patronage of a number of titled people, founded a charitable concern.

The Disabled Officers' Garden Homes is now operated jointly with a sister organisation, also founded by Mrs. Macdonnell, called the Crusaders of St. George.

But, alas for this sincere woman's good intentions, she has more than once fallen into the hands of professional charity mongers, whose methods of raising money from the public have been repeatedly condemned in official charity circles and, indeed, have even come under the notice of the police!

One of these professionals is Miss L. Stuart, who has latterly been advertising for mannequins to act as charity decoys in beauty parades.

She is by no means entirely altruistic in her endeavours, for she has an arrangement with some of those charities for which she acts as organiser that she pockets nine shillings of every £ collected!

Balance Sheets

If nine shillings out of every pound collected goes to her, and the charity for which the money is really collected has its own expenses and overheads to pay, how much can possibly be devoted to the cause so laudibly exploited?

In these circumstances we are left wondering what is meant by the statement that "all workers are voluntary."

One man who called some months ago at the offices of the Disabled Officers' Garden Homes in response to an advertisement for collectors for a "national charity appeal" was handed a tin box that opened at the bottom, an unnumbered receipt book and a permit to collect.

He was informed that he could take 5s. in the pound on all moneys collected up to £10 and for additional sums thereafter he could extract a commission of 6s. in the pound.

Although he was previously quite unknown to the organisation he was given permission to open his own box, extract his remuneration on the above terms and forward the balance to headquarters, as it was not good policy to pay collectors travelling expenses so that they could hand in their takings personally.

Police Action

The Charity Organisation Society had a striking experience with one collector employed by Miss Stuart, who, incidentally, is also known in some of her charity endeavours in the name of Miss Jewett.

The collector concerned was a woman, who, with a variety of aliases, had constantly been in the habit of writing appealing letters that were more picturesque than veracious.

An investigator of the Charity Organisation Society called at one of her many addresses to question her about some of her statements in these appeals and was astonished to find two collecting boxes issued by Miss Stuart which had been both opened and emptied.

As a result of this discovery the Kensington police took the matter in hand, but Miss Stuart decided not to pursue the case on the ground that the woman was being protected by members of an organisation which might make trouble.

We think we have shown that the commissions and expenses charged in connection with the administration of the Disabled Officers' Garden Homes, and the Crusaders of St. George are of most unreasonable proportions; but let us turn to one or two typical balance-sheets.

One special function realised £500. The expenses were stated to be £300. A "Garden Ball" brought in £541, at the cost of £321.

In Debt

Mrs. Macdonnell recently paid a visit to the Charity Organisation Society in the company of Miss Stuart. Their object was to raise, or find some means of raising, £1,000, as their group of charities was many hundreds of pounds in debt, and funds were urgently needed to settle pressing claims.

May we suggest that had they been less extravagant in the matter of expenses and commissions this deplorable position would not have arisen.

We say nothing against, and wish to cast no reflection upon, the actual charities in question. But if their patrons are willing to permit the use of their names on appeals for money which enable professional organisers like Miss Stuart to pocket nearly 50 per cent. of the proceeds, their appeals are not worthy of public support.

Homely Wisdom—by

Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

OPENED EYES

ONE of the most successful novels of the year has for its theme a kind of tangle that often occurs in human life, one member of a family carrying all the rest on his back without the perception on the part of the others that they owe him anything at all.

Nor does he resent their obtuseness or feel sorry for himself. He just accepts the situation and does the best he can with it till the end comes, his own premature death. What the hangers-on will do then the writer leaves us to imagine.

Two cases have come under my notice of late which illustrate the truth of the above picture—the truth that people can be amazingly blind to what goes on before their eyes when their self-interest or their affections are involved.

One is that of a grouser who got it into his head that he was an invalid who had a right to be maintained and waited on by his daughter. She, poor thing, never thought of questioning the genuineness of this claim but worked beyond her strength to satisfy it. Her self-sacrifice was taken for granted on both sides; neither she nor her selfish parent looked upon it as sacrifice but as a plain and unavoidable duty.

It did not occur to either of them that fate might take a hand in the game and radically alter the programme. The father expected to live on the daughter for the rest of his life, but suddenly the latter took chill and died.

There is very little doubt that her vitality had been sapped by over-strain, so that she had no power of resistance to the disease that so unexpectedly killed her.

Did the disaster open the old man's eyes? Not a bit of it. Those who knew him told me that he railed against everything and everybody on account of his bad luck in having to turn to and do something to help himself. To hear him talk one might almost have inferred that he had a grievance against his daughter for dying and leaving him in the lurch.

How often our human calculations are upset in this respect! It is the wrong one in a family that dies, the one that can least be spared, the one on whom the others depend; the strong one goes, the weak remain.

Compare with the above a confession and appeal for counsel and comfort I have just received by letter. The writer was till lately the nurse and chief support of an invalid sister. Both were poor, and the stronger of the two had to work day and night to earn enough to keep them and obtain medical comforts for the sufferer.

They could not afford outside help, and in time the effect of toiling by day and having to get up in the night to minister to the invalid's wants wore down the attendant sister's health.

* * *

Frayed nerves made her irritable and she sometimes spoke impatiently. The remembrance of this preys on her mind now that the one she served so tenderly is no longer here to smile forgiveness at her.

She need not trouble about that for five minutes. God knows the truth about it, and what God knows now we shall all come to know by and by. When the secrets of all hearts are revealed some lovely things will come to light as well as some ugly ones. We shall see ourselves and one another just as we are; for the truth alone can liv

The PRIVATE LIFE of GEORGE LANSBURY-3

Under the SOU
CRO

THREE years before I was born, father and mother packed up their scanty belongings, took their savings out of the bank, said good-bye to their friends and relations and emigrated to Australia.

Possibly life was not exactly a bed of roses for either of them in Whitechapel in the 1880's. Father had been earning a reasonable living in various occupations. He had been partner with his brother in a two-man coal-trimming concern, and manager of a coffee shop. But definitely the life left much to be desired, and both father and mother took to dreaming of distant lands, the more distant the better.

They thought of Australia, studied the emigration advertisements, pictured vast expanses of territory occupied by pleasing flocks of sheep amiably offering flesh to the hungry and wool to the cold and naked. They visualised for themselves a quiet and happy life, removed from the horror of slums and the sweated labour of competitive industry as pursued in the Old World.

In the innocence of their hearts Australia was the promised land, flowing with milk and honey, where hard work and high thinking would bring contentment and peace. It was to be for them a new earth and a new heaven. The very constellations of the northern hemisphere must have seemed tame and uninteresting as their minds dwelt on the glory of the "Southern Cross," shining over their land of heart's desire. They were only a little over twenty years of age.

Until mother's death in the spring of 1933, some remnant of the romance and enthusiasm of those wonderful anticipatory days still remained with them both. The "Southern Cross" still held for them a thrill, as it might thrill us younger ones if only it was a sort of "Southern Belle" or "Blue Train" speeding to some surer if nearer heaven like Mentone, Naples, or Sicily.

With father the romance lingers still, reminding him of days when he and she faced a hard and pitiless world with little more than stout hearts and the will to achieve happiness and peace. As things turned out, they never did achieve peace, but of happiness that goes with comradeship in great and noble work they had their full share.

• Roughing It •

Alas, that grim reality should always follow the fairest dreams!

"Heaven," as father is fond of quoting, "is here or nowhere," yet their dreams were not easily shattered, and survived many premonitory shocks as they journeyed to the fabled shore.

The first break in the journey was made at Plymouth, and the night was spent in a Plymouth lodging house. Sleep being out of the question, they occupied themselves hunting vermin of various kinds. They consoled themselves with the thought that there would be plenty of time for sleep on the boat.

There was indeed plenty of time, but to sleep something more than mere time or inclination is needed. It was a wretched old cargo boat specially converted for emigrant traffic. The hold was partitioned off into a large number of boxes with no human accommodation of any kind, allowing barely room for the occupants to lie down like cattle. As father said: "To get into bed was like putting yourself into your own coffin."

Half-starved and even then seasick, the whole boat-load of emigrants suffered together as it is only possible to suffer on the sea. Mother was very ill indeed for the whole of the journey and at one time it was thought she would never recover. Father himself suffered less than most because he was then, and always has been, what is called a "good sailor." This sometimes means nothing more than a willingness to go on living while everyone else wants to die.

He found the whole journey very interesting. He went ashore at every stopping place, and at Colombo, having the notion that religion started with Christianity (a revealing admission coming from the head boy of the old dame's school), was surprised at the beauty and antiquity of some of the religious houses and temples of Ceylon.

However, if the journey itself was a nightmare, they told each other that it must end some time, and Australia was waiting at the other end. Hardly had they put a foot on the soil of the Commonwealth when they found themselves up against something almost as bad as seasickness.

There was no work.

Employers didn't want men and women with families to support. Unemployment was more acute than in "the old country." There were the usual charitable organisations to help the victims, mostly with advice and letters of recommendation with which to pester somebody else.

Their first night in Australia was spent in an Emigrants' Home. It was rat-ridden and filthy. As father said: "Had I been a person who took drink I would have gone out after seeing my wife in bed and got gloriously drunk."

• Nightmare Job •

After weeks of effort, he secured work. It was stone-breaking. It was also heart-breaking. The best comment on the nature of this work is that one of his first actions as a guardian of the poor was to get stone-breaking abolished as a test for able-bodied unemployed men.

Then he worked as a meat carrier for a slaughterhouse, and afterwards as a farmworker under agreement.

The farm was eighty miles up country from Brisbane, and it was here that the *coup-de-grâce* was given to their dreams of peace and happiness under Australian skies. His wages were to be forty pounds a year, but, unlike Oliver Goldsmith's worthy parson, he could not be said to be "passing rich" on that sum, for after working "like a nigger" for three or four months he found he owed his employer quite a considerable sum on account of supplies.

In spite of the agreement he got away from this farm somehow and took a job as a parcels delivery van driver. This job lasted no longer than the others, and after trying his hand at milking cows, mowing oats, levelling the ground for the Sydney Cricket Club where test matches are now played, the whole family were glad when a remittance arrived from home enabling them to return to London and face once again the more familiar rigours of the Old World.

Those days in Australia must have been a nightmare to father; but what they were to mother cannot be imagined. There were three children to manage, two of their own (very young) and one of father's younger brothers. Yet his chief recollections are the very few worth-while things that happened to them, the odd little things that soften the hardest blows and spice the dullest days.

• Romance •

For example, he came to my house at Mill Hill one day in 1932 and, of course, went straight to the room where my two-year-old twins were. He sat on an innocent-looking stool, and, much to the delight of the boys, it began to play out its two little tunes—"The Anvil Chorus" and (strange partners in melody) "In the Gloaming."

I could see that the second tune, tinkled out in the touching manner of the German "musical-box," had affected him deeply.

After a safe passage of time he recalled in a diffident manner the occasion when he had last heard "In the Gloaming."

It was Christmas Eve, and he was out with his team of horses delivering goods and parcels to farms and homesteads in the Australian Bush and had been surprised when about to open a farmyard gate by the sound of a girl's voice singing this very song.

She was quite a young girl, and the evening was beautiful—he remembered that the moon was there and no doubt the Southern Cross was there too, doing its best to deceive once again. Father was no gallant but a serious husband and father, so he delivered the parcel and drove off.

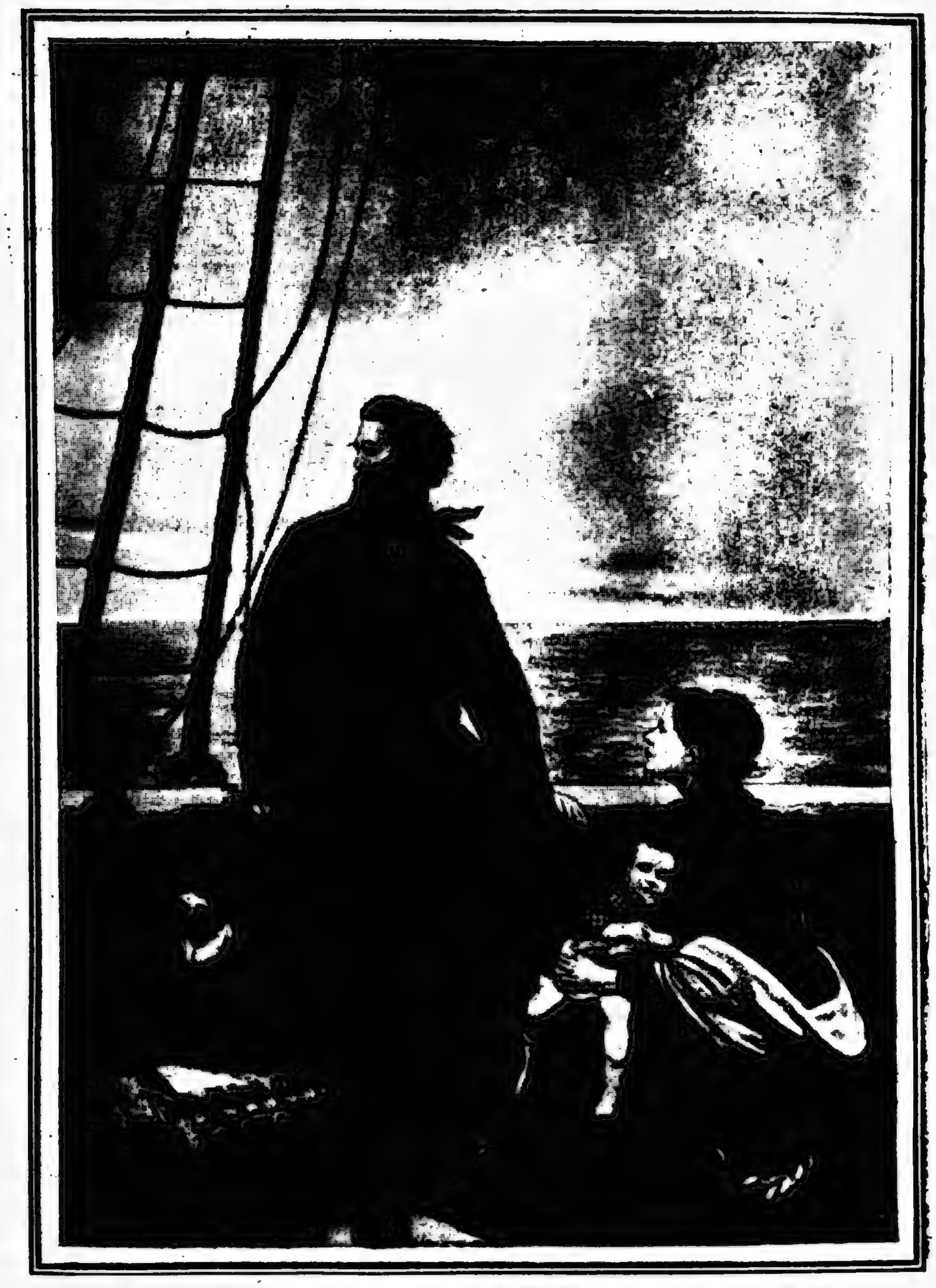
Father was never one for "affairs," but I am sure that in a curious manner that girl is still young and beautiful in his mind, and I am sentimental enough to wish that she might know it. She would be seventy or thereabouts.

A cynic might say that the place must have been pretty dull if one trifling incident such as this could remain in the memory after fifty years. But who can say which are

Mr. and Mrs. Lansbury soon after their emigration days by his Son EDGAR

THERN OSS . .

The Shattered Dream of Father as EMIGRANT



Outward bound for a "new heaven and a new earth"
(*"The Emigrant," by Dorothy Tennant, in the Graves Gallery, Sheffield*)

the trifling things and which the great ones?

Mother's recollections of Australia were many and varied. Often I have heard her scolding the girls at home for grumbling over the domestic work (which, whatever she might say, was in our house very hard work indeed), reminding them of the days when she did the washing, helped with the farm work, reared three or four children, and did all the cooking, under the broiling heat of the Australian sun.

In the Bush, her kitchen range was a gipsy's tripod and pot, but she used to say that you could fry eggs and bacon or grill a steak on the rocks outside the "humpy." She brought water from a filthy stream five hundred yards away, and had to boil every drop before it was fit to drink. She also carried up the water to the farmhouse where the employer lived, and boiled it for his family too.

In passing, it may be mentioned that in after years we boys did not escape our share of the domestic work. We also grumbled and were scolded, too. It is a fiction that only girls do domestic work.

Heartache

My own special work was cleaning the knives and forks and boots and shoes—all of them—and woe betide me if I left any metal-polish between the prongs of the forks. It would surely be extruded on father's cheese (he had a proletarian habit of mixing his supper cheese with salt, mustard, vinegar and pepper and mashing it into a kind of soft pudding with a fork), and then "the balloon would go up."

Mother's life in Australia, instead of giving her what we considered the right idea, had apparently convinced her that hard work was good for young people. We could grumble and make feeble attempts at evasion, but she was adamant.

There is a modern song in which the chorus goes:

Put your troubles through the mangle,
Like mother does on washing day.

I always get the heartache, almost the backache, whenever this song comes over the wireless.

It brings back vividly those washing-days of long ago, when sending clothes to the laundry was hardly heard of, and mangling meant not merely putting through such reasonable and amenable garments as cami-knickers and pyjamas, but sheets, blankets, window curtains, quilts and other large and bulky articles.

It recalls like a stab at the heart a picture of mother, hands crinkled and white by the action of soda, water and soap, face dripping with perspiration, digging and pounding masses of clothes in the boiling copper or wash-tub, wringing them out first roughly in her hands, and then passing them on to us to "put through the mangle," and if strength failed us, seizing the handle herself and with the strength of a lion and a lot more courage, forcing the work through.

Soused mackerel was a favourite food with us, because it was cheap, and the fish, if bought fresh and cooked immediately, was nice to eat. If cheese was scarce, father had a well-worn joke, which never failed to raise a laugh, to the effect that we must eat the bread and smell the cheese. The first time I heard it I took it literally, taking everything he said for gospel. Alas!

On these easier days, the afternoon school-bell seemed to toll with a less compelling note as we loitered on our way; the anæmic music of the old German band in their faded uniforms lined up on the kerb seemed charged with a sweet melancholy. Life was good, after all, and mother would only have the ironing to do when we returned from school at tea-time.

Father has made thousands of speeches during his fifty years of public life, extolling the patience and virtue of the workers. But though she is always in his mind and heart, he seldom talks about one particular worker who in her day played a great and noble part in his life, and by enthusiasm, courage, thrift, skill in the management of household affairs, and, above all, capacity for taking a back seat without fretting or nagging, made it possible for him to play his part in the life of the country—I mean Elizabeth Jane Lansbury.

She worked harder by far, not only for home and family, but also for the Cause, than many of those who more definitely belong to the working class. Father is only too well aware of her, and his own, sacrifice. But her death in the spring of 1933, during the most tumultuous and strenuous days of his over-active life robbed him (shall I say, "for life at least"?) of the companionship of a serene and peaceful old age.

Before her end the "little cottage in the country" had been mooted many times; but with them, as with most of us, the "living happily ever after" had to run concurrently with the killing of dragons and the slaying of giants—or not at all.

Mother's Sacrifice

There is nothing unusual in the spectacle of a woman, poor and what is called respectable, having children and rearing them, and contending against the practical difficulties of life; the world is full of them, but usually their breadwinner is with them, not only in spirit but in fact, bringing solace in the quiet evenings for the disappointments and troubles of the day. Mother had to forgo a very large part of this companionship.

Father tells of the long week-ends spent away from his home. There were also the long evenings after work during which mother wrestled with a difficult and sometimes turbulent family, with father miles away lecturing and debating on Socialism and public affairs generally, or sitting for hours on committees and councils fighting the battles of the poor.

It would be untrue to say that she never grumbled—of course, she did, being human—but in a moment a few words would put everything right, and a dozen, twenty, or even fifty kisses, with the whole family gaping at them (where could we go?—there was only one living-room) would signalise the "all clear" and the good work for Socialism could go on.

It is a happy thought that in the last ten years of her life she had him with her at home all through the sessions of Parliament, that she often went with him to theatres, kinemas and for motor rides; and even travelled to Russia and America with him.

During those years I know that they made up to each other in love, companionship and happiness much that had been sacrificed earlier in their lives for the Cause.

NEXT WEEK:

Father's Return to the Fold

"Even good dishes can be improved" says HELEN BURKE

Helen Burke, of the "Sunday Pictorial," whose "Mainly for Women" pages are read by tens of thousands every week, makes here some practical suggestions regarding family cookery:

* * *

"By using breakfast cereals at breakfast-time alone, the housewife misses many opportunities of adding wholesomeness and nutriment to other meals.

"All dishes—even good ones—can easily be improved. In this respect, no preparation is more versatile and useful than Quaker Oats. These most delicious oats, indeed, can advantageously be used in every form of cookery.

"Soups and stews are much enriched when a little Quick *Quaker (about a dessertspoonful per person) is stirred into them while they are simmering. Scotch Collops with* Quick *Quaker are particularly good.*

"Here is the recipe: Put 1 lb. minced lean steak in a saucepan with a small chopped onion (optional) and, with a wooden spoon, stir over the fire for a few minutes. Gradually add enough hot water to make sufficient gravy, season with pepper and salt and sprinkle in a tablespoonful of *Quick* Quaker. Simmer gently for ¾ hour, then serve with sippets of dry toast."

(Signed) Helen Burke

You will find the use of *Quick* Quaker Oats as thickening in soups and stews (recommended above by Helen Burke) not only very advantageous, but extremely simple. Since the oats in *Quick* Quaker are already cut, rolled thin and partially cooked, they quickly melt into the soup or stew as you stir.

• • •

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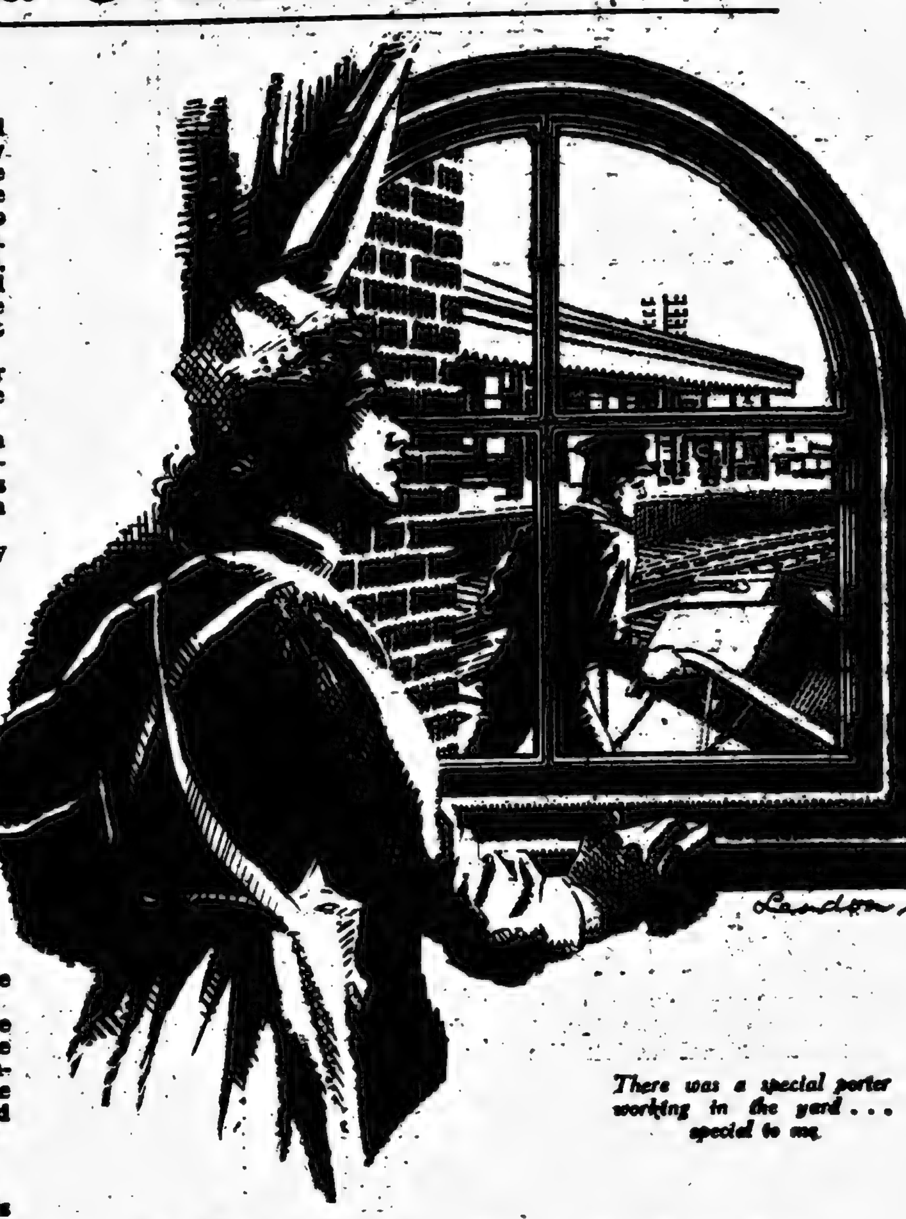
The Old Maid's Love Tale—



There was a special porter working in the yard . . . special to me.

SOLDIER, Come Back!

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories—90

I HAVEN'T much schooling and I've never tried to write a story before, but it gives me some ease of heart to write this on the old typewriter that I use to make out the boarders' accounts.

If it should ever be printed, the man I love may see it and come back to me. That's mixing the end up with the beginning, only I can't believe it is the end yet.

The beginning is so dreadfully far away. For I'm fifty-two. It hurts me to think of it, but it's true.

My father was sexton at Mithian Church in Cornwall. We lived in Silverwell, which is just a cluster of houses not big enough to be marked on an ordinary map.

I remember sitting up in church very quiet because, father being sexton, I had to be specially good.

The rector's maiden sister took an interest in me and she gave me most of the education I've ever had. She taught me to play the piano. She used to sit beside me holding a ruler. When I played a wrong note she hit my knuckles.

But she was a good woman in her way. I understand her better now. Thwarted, she must have been; very fond of me, and yet hating me because I was the child she hadn't got. She dressed severely and "sex" was more abominable to her than the devil.

Long before I understood what she was talking about she used to warn me against men. She said they were vampires, or worse, always trying to lure innocent young girls to ruin, "body and soul."

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I was quite frightened about it. It's queer: people think I'm a man-hater even now—me! Lying awake at night, eating my heart out—for love.

When I was thirteen Miss Bessie—that was the rector's sister—thought it was quite time for me to go into service.

Nobody asked me whether I wanted to be a servant. I didn't really ask myself. It was just what had to be for a girl "in my station of life." Only I remember thinking it was funny taking all that trouble to teach me the piano when there are never any pianos in kitchens.

They found me a place in Lewisham. They put a little white cap on my head and a very long black frock on my body. I was always tripping over the frock when I was carrying things. My mistress thought I was sulky and "wickedly careless." I was afraid to explain.

She said I was so stupid, she couldn't think why she kept me on. I couldn't either, not then. She stopped the breakages out of my wages—ten pounds a year. So I suppose I was cheap as well as stupid.

I was seventeen when I first walked out with a boy. But it wasn't the way boys and girls walk out nowadays. We only walked to church and back home again, keeping a little way apart all the time. He never even took my arm. And, of course, "followers" were not allowed in the kitchen.

Poor boy, he soon got tired of walking out with me and I don't wonder at it. But he didn't understand. He thought I was very severe and strait-laced; he couldn't tell how much afraid I was.

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There were two or three other "boys" after that. I'm not ill-favoured, but mother thought I was hard to please.

Albert had a snubby nose, and there was another one I liked very well, but he had such big feet I always wanted to laugh. Not one of them ever got so far as kissing me. Mother told me I should have to have a boy made for me.

In 1914 I was in service at Doublebois and the house overlooked the railway station. And I was thirty-two and yet not so much changed from the little girl in pigtails whose knuckles Miss Bessie used to rap.

There was a special porter working in the yard, whom I'll call William West. I mean he was special to me. I could watch him from the upstairs windows. He seemed so big and so strong and he used to go whistling about his work.

We got to talking after a while and then he asked me to go out with him on my afternoon off. He was quite different from all the other boys. I was so fond of him that I couldn't get him out of my mind.

And at last one evening in the summer he took me in his arms and kissed me. I shall remember it until I die.

And yet I struggled away from him and was quite furious. He thought I was angry with him, but I wasn't. I was angry with myself. I thought I had been wicked to let him kiss me. I wanted him to take me in his arms again, and that seemed still more wicked.

Willie was so puzzled and hurt. I sulked and he couldn't understand me at all. I wouldn't go out with him again, but I used to watch him from the windows, keeping back so that he shouldn't see me.

Often I cried and sometimes I felt like singing, because I *knew* I loved him and that sooner or later, whether it was right or wrong, I'd tell him so.

One Monday morning I saw him wheeling a large tin trunk to the station from the direction of his lodgings. And later I heard from the other servants that he had gone away.

I went upstairs and cried. I lay on my bed for a long time. Then I got up and bathed my eyes in cold water. I told the others I had a bad cold coming. And I went on with my work.

"He's gone!" I kept saying to myself, "gone right away! And I love him so."

I hoped he would write to me. I couldn't bear to *think* I should never hear from him again. It seemed to me, loving him the way I did, that I could *make* him write.

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The post came next morning and one of the other girls took it in. It was a big house. There was no letter for me. Not that morning, or any morning. I thought my heart would break, but women's hearts don't break.

There was one thing happened that I didn't particularly notice at the time. One of the other maids, who had fetched the post that morning, left the servants' hall with a letter in her hand to read it by herself. I envied her dreadfully.

She never told us who the letter was from. Now, after all these years, I believe it was my Willie's letter to me.

I fell ill. Nobody knew what was the matter with me. But I was too weak

(Continued on page 24)

BARLEY WATER AT WIMBLEDON

"I'M AT WIMBLEDON THIS YEAR"

says **OLD HETHERS**

Old Hethers' barley water, made from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, is being served during the Tournament to the players on the Centre and No. 1 Courts—simple proof that the best summer drink is . . .

BARLEY WATER

made from

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY

Old Hethers' recipe is on every tin

CVS-138

SOLDIER, COME BACK!—*Continued from page 22*

RE-UNITED *for a* DAY

for my work and I had to leave service and go home. I didn't tell mother about my heartbreak. She wouldn't have understood.

War had just been declared. The papers were full of it. There were recruiting posters even in our village. And one day in the local paper I saw a picture of a lot of recruits, and among them clear as possible, was my Willie!

That cheered me up wonderful. I didn't even know his regiment, but I was proud of him I thought: "If he's going out to fight, it's a shame for me to mope about at home."

So I got war work to do, nothing very important, only in a canteen. But I thought it would help a little and I hoped that God would be very kind to me and let the man I loved come in one day to the place where I was working.

But he never came.

I went on working all through the war. No other man ever came into my life. In the canteen the soldiers all seemed to like me, but I was thinking of the one man all the time. People went on thinking, like they always have done, that I'm a sort of old maid by nature.

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But if I could only find him again, I told myself, he should have love and devotion such as few men have ever known. Perhaps he was dead. If so I would be an old-maid widow all the rest of my life.

The years went by—the weary years. Later on my sister and I found we had enough money to take a boarding-house in a small Cornish town—the place where we are still living.

One day, just as I was going to serve the dinner, there was a ring at the front door. I answered it and there was a shabby pedlar limping on the doorstep.

We didn't speak: we just stared at one another and then fell into each other's arms, crying.

Tears I couldn't keep them back. I was so wildly happy, and yet my heart ached for him—my lover, my soldier lover, so old and so battered, with such tired lines in his face.

My sister came out to see why I was so long. She is a very sensible woman and didn't make any fuss. She told me I'd better take Willie into the kitchen and leave her to attend to our guests.

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And I learned that he *had* written to me when he left Doublebois. He got no answer to the letter and never wrote again.

In the war he was wounded very badly and partially crippled for life. They gave him a pension of eight shillings a week and he had taken to peddling for a living.

What did I care, except for his sake. The man I loved had come back to me and we could get married at once. I was earning enough for us both and my cup of happiness was brimming over. Sister took to him kindly, and she didn't laugh at me.

But he was very changed. He sat holding my hand, and he didn't speak much. War had sapped something vital from him. Lines of suffering were etched deeply in that dear face I loved so well.

I saw he needed rest. A long rest. And peace and security—and mothering.

We gave him the best bedroom that night And I went up to my own room like a young girl, forgetting I was turned fifty.

Morning came and I got up early to take him a cup of tea. But I never went to his room. In the kitchen I found a note from him:

"Dear Rhoda," it said. "The man you knew and loved died in the war. I am leaving you his three medals. Good-bye, dear, and God bless you."

That was all. He had left our house during the night and I have never heard from him again.

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There is a woman I know, quite an old woman now, who lost her only son in the war. He was "missing, believed killed." She is *still* hoping he will come home one day.

But my man was not killed: it is only something that has been killed *in* him. Why, having found me, did he leave me? Did he think that I should love him less because he was shattered and broken by the war? Did he shrink from being a burden upon one who loved him more dearly than life itself?

Whatever motive dictated his action, I hope and pray that this story may come to his eyes. I implore him to come back to me. Or, better still, to wire and I will go and fetch him, no matter where he be.

I shall love him until I die. God's will be done.

The Human Machine

Put Your Shirt On

ONCE you've made up your mind and taken a decision, act boldly and back your judgment with all your might. Don't take too much notice of other people. There's nothing like too much advice for making us hesitant and indecisive!

Most people mean well when they offer us advice—but the person who can really see a problem from the viewpoint of someone else has yet to be born.

And, harsh though it may sound, most advice is nothing better than complacent interference.

We have to live our own lives. We have to steer our own course. We have to rely on our own judgment. No one else can do it for us, for no one else has the knowledge that we possess.

When you hear someone saying, "I know him better than he knows himself"—it's just nonsense. Self-knowledge is the deepest and most exclusive of all. Besides, when it comes to the point, no one can make up another person's mind for him. Decision is one of the most personal things in the world.

Listen to other people if you wish—but have the pluck to choose your own road if you think fit. And, having chosen it, don't waste your time and sap your energies by wondering what would have happened had you chosen a different one.

To do that is only to induce a dissatisfaction with life that is going to head you straight for failure.

The ability to back your own judgment and "put your shirt on it" is one of the most valuable qualities you can cultivate.

If you win, you can congratulate yourself: but if you lose—don't whine. Take a deep breath and strike out afresh.

The important thing all the time is not so much what you decide to do, but how you do it once you have decided. *Many a piece of sound judgment is made to look like a bad decision because of the faint-hearted way it is followed up.*

"The Greatest of These—"

JACKIE

Little Fellow..

JACKIE, who is aged ten, is an unfortunate little chap. He lost his mother nearly two years ago, and last month his father brought him home from hospital where he lay for some time suffering from pneumonia.

Jackie's dad has been out of work for about three and a half years, and cannot afford out of his transitional benefit of one pound a week to buy the nourishing food ordered by the doctor to enable Jackie to regain his strength.

And Jackie is not the only one to be considered. He has a sister aged eight and a brother aged five. Their father is in great distress to know how to feed himself and his three children, pay rent and coal and food and clothing, as well as pay one or two shillings a week off the arrears of his wife's funeral.

Jackie's father is an ex-Service man, and the account of his difficulties makes pathetic reading. "I don't know how I do carry through," he says, "but I have to go without myself to let my children have it. I keep on trying to get a job of some sort for the sake of my three children who need plenty of nourishment to build them up.

"There is a bit of grocery which I buy up the town on Thursday when I get my pay from the Labour, and that only lasts until Saturday. The little ones would come poorly off many a time for a piece of bread if the neighbours didn't give it them when I haven't had anything in the house and no money to buy any. There is no wonder the children being ill because they can't have the nourishment they need out of one pound a week. I owe 25s. 9d. rent."

Here is a fine opportunity for our readers to act the part of the Good Samaritan by sending donations earmarked "Jackie." These and subscriptions for the general fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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HOLIDAYS
are spoilt by
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Obtainable at all Chemists, 1/3 a box
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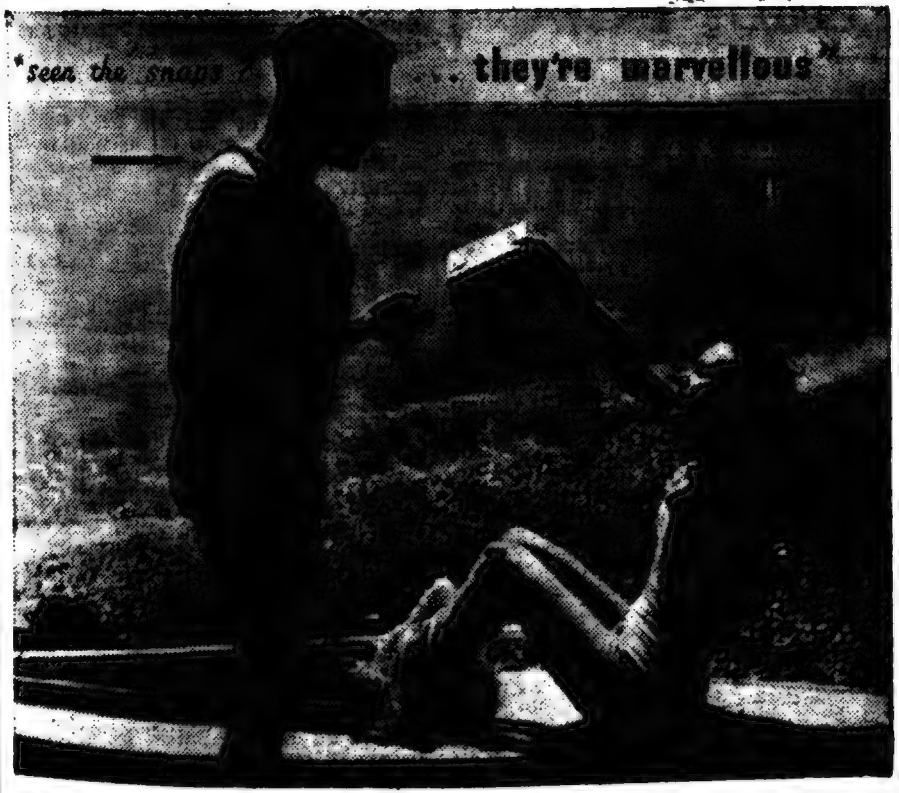

"I'm glad you took my advice."

"I didn't."

"But you must have done. Your snaps are pretty dud, as a rule."

"Yes, but I've made a new rule."

"What's that?"

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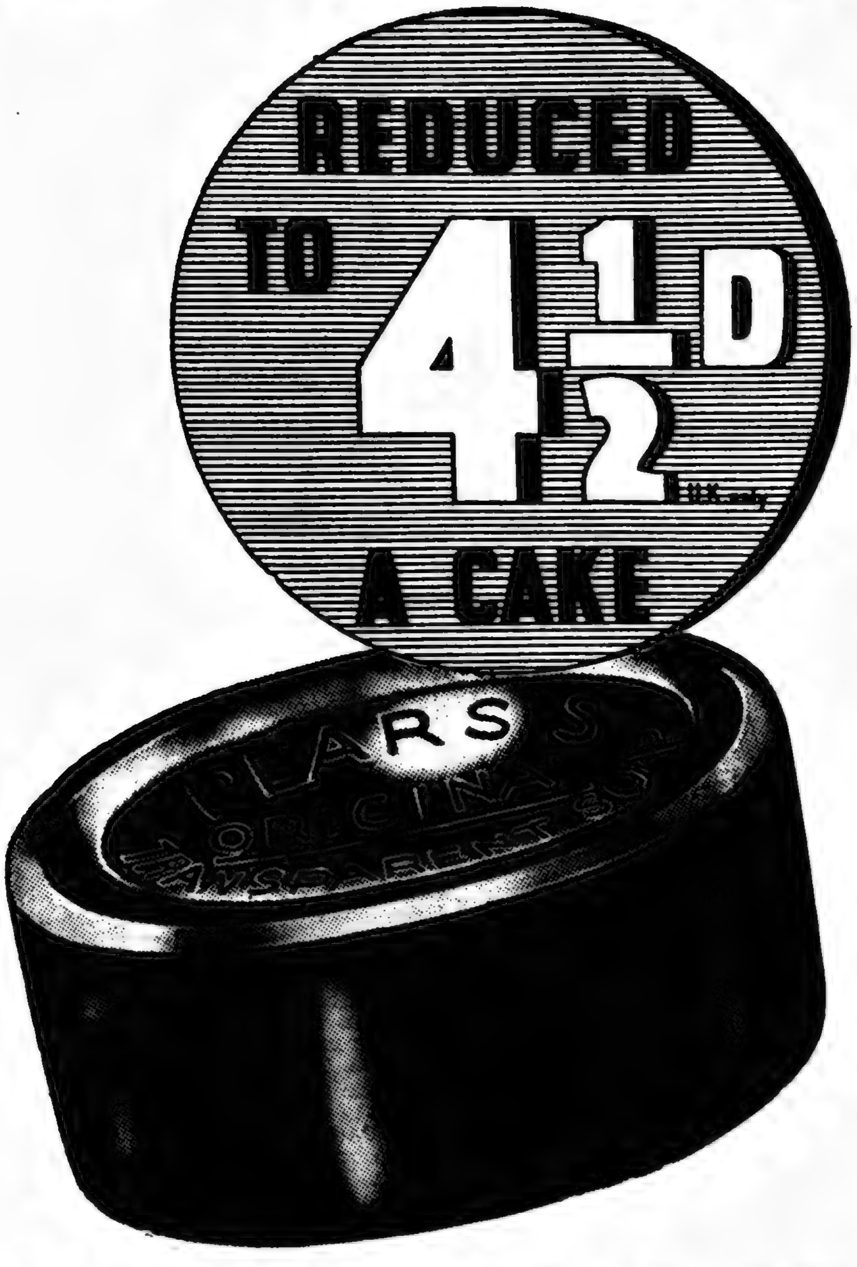

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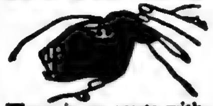

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

When Two's Company

HUMAN DOCUMENTS *probed by* PHILIP INMAN

I SEE that the latest dictionary includes a definition of the word "gate-crasher." It means "a person who pushes himself where he is not wanted." Though the word is a new one, the habit it describes is as old as the hills. Unfortunately there have always been many people of that type in the world. And they can be a confounded nuisance, or, to quote one of my correspondents, "a perfect pest."

Here is a typical and blatant case of the worst kind. It comes from a man who writes:—

"I have been engaged for three years and hope shortly to be married. Before I met my young lady she was very friendly with a girl cousin of hers and they went about everywhere together. After our engagement I fully expected that this cousin would realise the altered position and form new friendships. Unfortunately this has not happened. She has stuck to us during the whole three years. Everywhere we go she takes it for granted that she is to come too, and never waits to be asked.

"Now what troubles me a good deal is that a friend of mine who saw the three of us together said that this girl cousin acted in the same way with his brother and *his* girl, and she even caused trouble between them after they were married.

"I have suggested to my young lady that I should speak to this girl and point out to her that there are times when we want to be alone. She, however, has begged me not to do this as she thinks it would cause trouble, especially as her parents think this girl is a perfect angel. Naturally I don't want to offend my future parents-in-law, but the present position is intolerable. In fact it is the only thing that mars the prospect we have of a happy married life."

I THINK my readers will agree that this is a very reasonable letter. My correspondent does not expect that his young lady and her cousin should not meet at all. But what he asks, and rightly so, is that he and his girl shall be able to spend some of their time by themselves.

During the last three years there must have been opportunities for that cousin to cultivate other friendships. But she has not done so. It may be, of course, she does not realise that her constant presence is not wanted, but I can scarcely believe that, for, whilst my correspondent says he has not told her so in words, yet he must have shown it sometimes by his manner. His attitude must have been sufficiently pointed to make her realise that "two's company, three's none."

If this is so, there are only two conclusions that can be drawn. Either that cousin is too thick-skinned to care whether she is in the way or not, or else she is acting with the express object of creating trouble. My reason for making this latter suggestion is that, if my correspondent's friend is to be believed, this is not the first time she has acted as a mischief-maker.

Now in all these cases I think that the straightforward course is the only one to take. It is no use hinting to a girl of this type. She will have to be told, tactfully but firmly, that there are occasions when her presence is unwelcome. This may have the effect of making her find new friends, which, of course, is the best solution of the problem.

AND the "hanger-on" is the cause of complaint in my next letter. This also comes from a young man. This is what he says:

"A young married woman of twenty-three who works in the same factory as I do is forcing her attentions upon me, although I have never given her any encouragement. She has been married six months, and her husband works at the same place, although he leaves work in his section before we do. From what she tells me I gather that she is already tired of him. She goes out of her way to speak to me, keeps asking me when I am going to take her out, and waits for me outside the gates after work so that we can walk home together.

"I could stop this kind of thing, of course, by telling her that I don't want to have anything to do with her. It is, however, not nice to work in the same room with another person and not be on speaking terms. But the plain truth is I have a young lady of my own, and would not dream of taking out anybody else, and certainly not a married woman."

Now people will talk, and you will never stop them. And gossip is like honey in the mouths of some folk. There is no harm in two people walking down the street together, especially when they work at the same place. But if it occurs night after night it soon becomes the object of comment.

MY correspondent is, therefore, wise in seeking to prevent it. Especially as this young married woman is apparently unhappy with her husband and is seeking for consolation elsewhere.

But I can see my correspondent's desire not to appear churlish to a workmate. What, therefore, ought he to do? He says that he has a young lady. I wonder if she is in a position to come and meet him after his work. If she is, he should persuade her to do so.

This plan would serve a double purpose. It would be an indication to that married woman that he has a girl friend of his own and it would be the most simple way of breaking that habit of walking down the road together every night. In this way that married woman may take the hint and cease her advances to him. If, however, she still persists, his next step is clear. He must tell her quite frankly just what his feelings are and leave her to like it or lump it as she pleases. After all, companionship in employment can sometimes be purchased at too great a cost.

LAST CHANCE!

JOHN BULL'S wonderful Free 25s. Birthday Celebration Gift offer for every reader is closing. Last Reservation Forms to be published appear on pages 4 and 5. There is no time to lose.

One of the most persistent of "gate-crashers" is the prying relation. Let me quote a typical case. The letter comes from a married woman:

"I am happily married, have one child and a splendid husband who is in regular employment. You will say I have nothing left to wish for, but my trouble is that I have no freedom from my 'in-laws.' They have their regular days of call, twice a week, without stopping to enquire if it suits me. And even when I have visitors they never fail to turn up.

"I AM expected to tell them every detail of how we live, what we buy and how much it costs. My mother-in-law was quite offended recently at seeing my husband in a shirt I had not told her I was going to buy.

"They are now arranging to spend their holidays with us this summer, and my husband is willing because he thinks it will relieve me of the baby sometimes. He is an only son, which may account for their interest. I am, of course, only too delighted to see them occasionally, but at present they are too much of a good thing. I have tried to hint as much, but so far without any success."

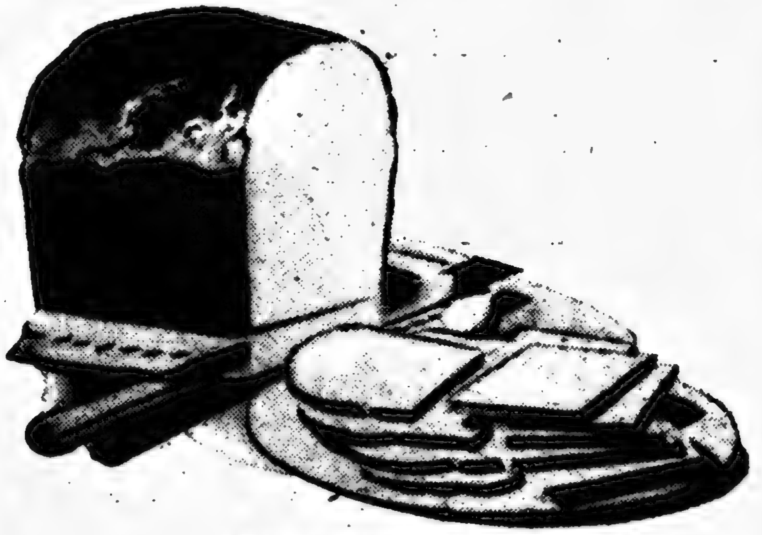
I am always sorry for the parents with an only child. After he or she has grown up and married a big gap is left in the family life. This applies particularly to the mother. She has always done so much for her child that she cannot leave off fussing over him at a moment's notice. But whilst this explains the interest of those parents in the welfare of their only son and his family, it does not excuse it. My correspondent and her husband must be left free to order their own lives.

Now let me deal with the particular points of complaint.

Those parents apparently call upon their daughter-in-law on set days every week. I think it would be a good plan to be out occasionally so that they, in order to save a fruitless journey, will get into the habit of enquiring whether my correspondent is likely to be at home.

Then with regard to their wanting to know how the couple live, spend their money, and so on. This is surely a matter where my correspondent's husband should step in. A tactful word from him would, I am sure, lead to a cessation of this unwarranted interference. After all he is their son and they would take from him without offence what from their daughter-in-law might be considered an affront.

Send your problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, with a STAMPED, self-addressed envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.



You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost. Think of this at meal-times—particularly at breakfast. Toasted, BREAD is as delicious as any cooked cereal—and *much cheaper*. It tastes good, does you good and saves you money.

Eat an *extra* slice of

bread

at every meal

ISSUED BY THE MILLERS MUTUAL ASSOCIATION

C.F.H. 103

Good cooks use Borwicks

For Children's Baths

Cuticura Soap is so pure and cleansing—so soothing when the skin is hot and irritated—that it is ideal for use on children.

— *For Sale by Your Chemist.* —

BATH AWAY STIFFNESS

TAKE A TONIC TUB!

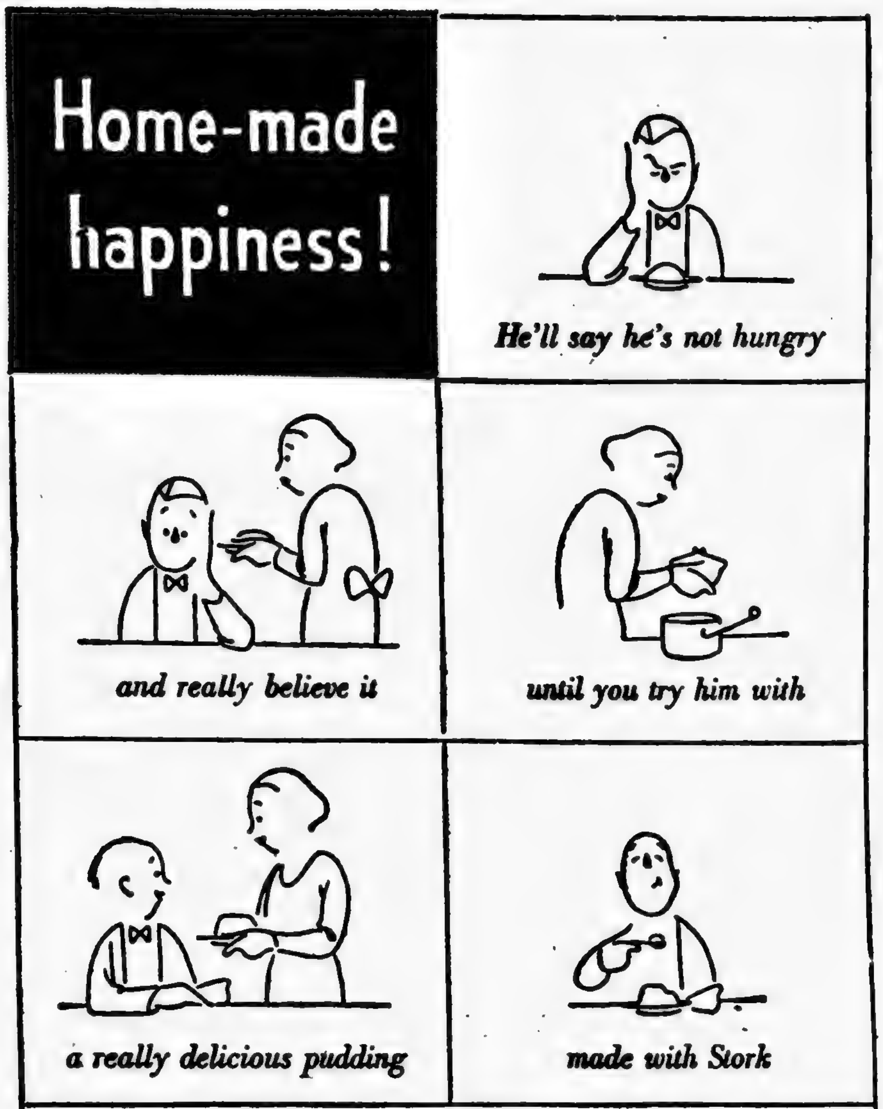
After vigorous exercise, to prevent or banish all stiffness and soreness, and to guard against chill, here is the way! Just put a teaspoonful of Rheumagic (Brand) Liniment in your bath. Stops all aches and pains; refreshes and invigorates.

RHEUMAGIC

Rheumagic (Brand) Liniment is exceptionally penetrative and pain-stopping. Just dab on for Sprains, Strained Muscles, Bruises, etc. Also in 1/3 and 3/- bottles from your Chemist. In event of difficulty send 7½d. in stamps for bottle to [illegible] LTD., [illegible] STREET, LONDON, S.W.[illegible]

Just a Teaspoonful in a Hot Bath.

BATHS 6 & 7½d



Home-made happiness!

He'll say he's not hungry

and really believe it

until you try him with

a really delicious pudding

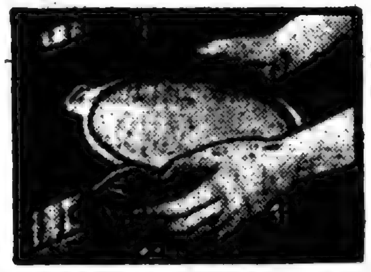
made with Stork

This is the Stork way of making Lemon Pudding

Sieve ½-lb. flour, one teaspoonful baking powder and a pinch of salt into a dry, cool basin.

Rub 4 ozs. Stork into the flour with the tips of the fingers until the mixture resembles breadcrumbs.

Add 4 ozs. sugar and the grated rind and juice of two lemons. Use one egg and milk to mix.



Bake in a pie dish or a baking tin well greased with Stork for from 45 to 50 minutes (Regulo Mark 4).

STORK MARGARINE

8d

FREE CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND GET THE STORK RECIPE BOOK

Fill in your name and address, cut out this coupon and post it to Van den Berghs & Jurgens (Sales) Ltd., Dept. [illegible], Unilever House, London, E.C.4.

Name ....

Address ....

JB [illegible]

Why DOGS HATE SUMMER HEAT

TO your dog, summer means the coming of a danger against which he cannot protect himself. His blood overheats on every warm day because his skin is non-porous and he cannot perspire. Yet, so long as you keep his blood pure, this overheating will not harm him.

But, if you neglect to condition him, and allow food impurities to accumulate in his blood, the overheating aggravates and develops the impurities until your dog has a sour stomach and a sluggish liver.

Start to-day to keep your dog fit. Condition him in the correct way—a Bob Martin's Condition Powder 3 times a day on 2 successive days in every week. These famous Powders remove every impurity from the blood, preventing all the common blood disorders of dogs such as **continual scratching, loss of appetite, dull or loose coat, sulky temper, listlessness, eczema and swellings between the toes.**

1/- boxes of 21 powders; 6d. packets of 9 powders from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores—everywhere.

BOB MARTIN'S (TASTELESS) *Condition* POWDERS

Keep dogs fit ALWAYS

SMARTNESS & SATISFACTION IS *WOVEN* INTO THESE COLLARS

Van Heusen Semi-Stiff Collars are accepted as "correct" wherever smart men gather, because of their smartness and perfect fit.

They are the only collars in the world with the natural curve of the neck woven into the material. ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE. **SETS THE STANDARD OF SMART ECONOMY.**

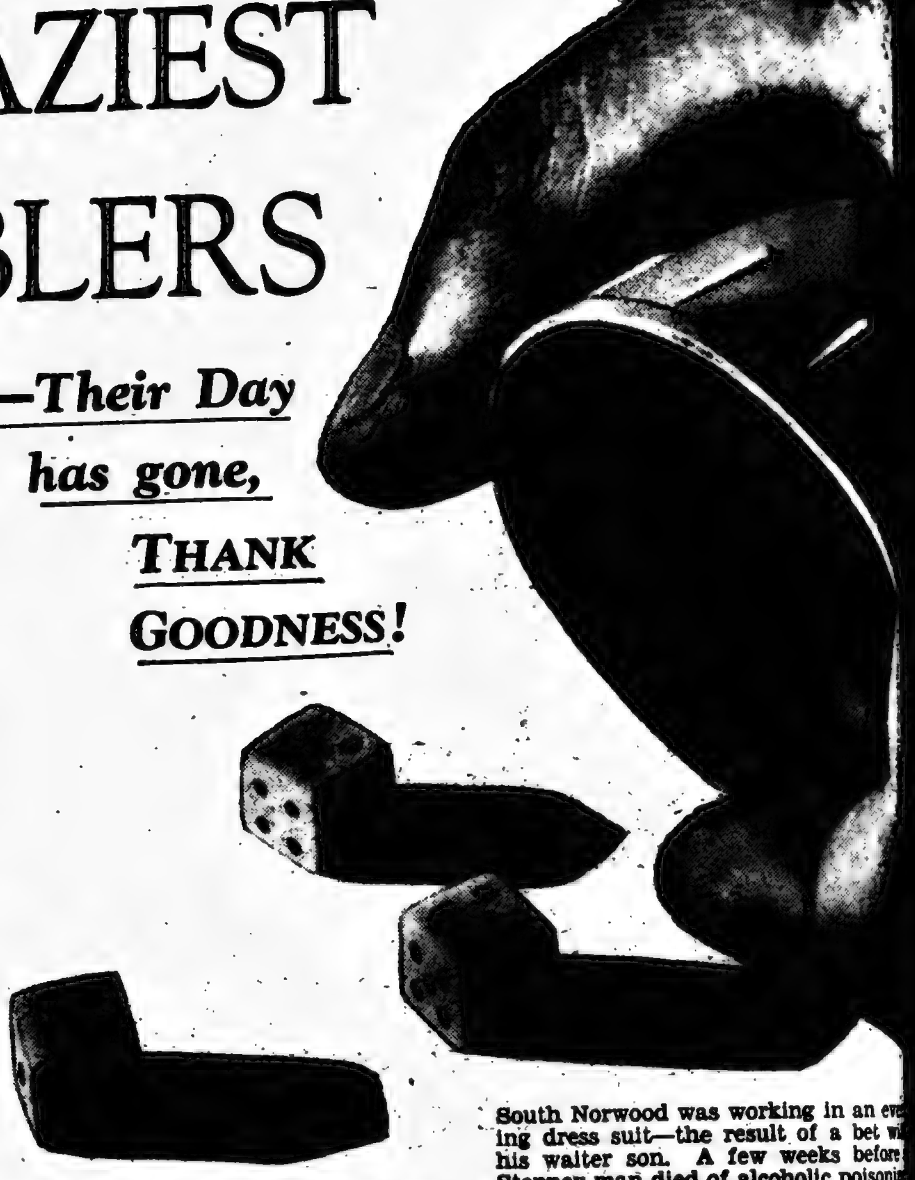
Van Heusen Collars are made in White, Plain Colours, and striped designs in various styles and are obtainable from Outfitters everywhere.

VAN HEUSEN 1/3 EACH

Semi-Stiff Collars

Sole Manufacturers: Harding Tilton & Hartley, Kinnaird House, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.

CRAZIEST GAMBLERS



—*Their Day has gone,* THANK GOODNESS!

"HIS life against a horse." That was why a young man of twenty-four drowned himself the other day. He did it because he had lost a bet. He had sold his business and put every penny on Colombo, the unsuccessful Derby favourite.

No instance, this, of the harmless "little flutter" that hosts of people indulge in every day and enjoy! But an example of gambling in a really evil form—the sort of crazy wagering that was widely practised in this country fifty, a hundred, two hundred years ago, when kings and queens emptied their purses on the gaming tables at court, young men lost ten, fifty and a hundred thousand pounds in a night at cards, and when to stake life itself on the altar of chance was almost a commonplace.

Fortunately, the really "desperate plunge" is rarely heard of nowadays, either on or off the racecourse.

True there is to-day one well-known figure on the racecourse who has several times laid bets totalling £100,000 on one horse, and several who are known to bet in scores of thousands. But they are both wealthy enough to lose such amounts without bothering, and astute enough to be pretty well straight when they balance their gambling budgets at the end of the year.

No, insane gambling, is a different sort of thing; the kind practised by a young man still under 35 who lost nearly £200,000 in three months—five years ago—and is now living in comparative poverty and complete obscurity.

THE first £150,000 disappeared on horses within three months of his inheriting it. The last £50,000 went on cards, in one mad effort to recoup his losses. To-day he lives on the interest yielded by £10,000 set aside for him by a man who won £42,000 of his money, unable, fortunately for him, to touch a penny of the capital.

Bankruptcy court proceedings yield many stories of men like him, differing from him only in the fact that they lose rather less money in rather more time. They are so similar as to be monotonous.

Yet, for the most part, how small they are in comparison with some of the wealth-or-poverty gambles of what we call the good old days.

More than a hundred years ago Lord Mountford, one of the biggest gamblers of his age, staked money, estates, clothes, everything in one mad session. Then they took him the news that two people whose life annuities he had won in his previous gambles had died the same day.

At once he began looking up his friends in an effort to get some government post abroad, a Governorship or something of the sort. But friends who had fawned on him as a rich man scarcely knew him as a poor man.

That night—New Year's Eve—he sent for his lawyer, asking him if he would bring his will with him. Then, having asked him whether suicide would invalidate it and received an assurance that it would not, he walked into the next room and shot himself.

Then there was a young Mr. Harvey, of Chigwell, who, having inherited an estate valued at £100,000 from his brother, promptly lost it in one game of cards to a Mr. O'Birne, an Irish gambler. O'Birne squared up to him when the lad sank forward with his head in his hands. "You can't afford to pay me," he said.

"I can and will," replied Harvey. "I will settle my estate for the debt."

But O'Birne made him an offer. He would accept £10,000 of the £100,000 he had won and throw him for the rest. And the lad not only accepted but won, to become one of the most temperate gamblers in the London clubs.

Think of the heart flutters you have had over ten shillings invested in the Irish Sweep. And then go back to a night, a hundred years ago, in the playroom of a famous West End club.

Major-General John Scott, white-haired and martial, looked up quizzically at the challenge of Sir Lawrence Dundas, who, knowing that the soldier had won £200,000, thought there must be an end to such luck somewhere.

Dundas put down £5,000—and lost. He followed with another £5,000. That went the same way. Soon he was betting in tens of thousands. And luck was still dead against him. At last he had to excuse himself for a moment, to do a sum, wondering whether anything was left at all of the fortune that only an hour before had made him one of the richest men in town.

There was nothing left, not a penny—not enough to put another tile on that magnificent house called Belle Vue at Edinburgh that was being completed.

"I tell you what," he said hoarsely, "I'll throw you my house against £30,000. It has cost me more than that already."

THE bet was accepted. And again Dundas lost.

In those days London's society gambled on births, on marriages and on deaths. One of the wildest bets was as to which of two Church dignitaries would first get a bishopric.

It seemed as if all the social lions were betting one way or the other—always for huge sums—on whether the Duchess of Marlborough would outlive the Duchess of Cleveland. And all because the former had said, on overhearing her doctor remark that she would have to be blistered or die, "I shan't be blistered and I shan't die."

There was once a pool in the leading clubs as to who would be the first baronet to be hanged, the favourite being a Sir William Burdett who had some reputation as a "bounder."

To-day, thank heaven, this crazy all-or-nothing betting has departed from us—but we still have queer people who will wager on the strangest things.

A few weeks ago a road-repairer in South Norwood was working in an eve ing dress suit—the result of a bet wi his waiter son. A few weeks before Stepney man died of alcoholic poisoni having drunk two bottles of whisky n to win a bet of £3.

A Middlesbrough paper merchant two stones of hay to win a bet. society girl begged in the Strand.

On golf courses alone in the last y we have had men trying, for a wa to get round in armour, playing night with the aid of flares, and pl ing for 24 hours without a break, wh one enthusiastic golfer drove off fr Piccadilly Circus and holed at the Ro Exchange. And all because of th magic words: "I'll bet you!"

SUCH crazy wagering does no har where it causes no inconvenience other people. It is an amusing innocuous survival of those old gamb days when players often wore mask hide their feelings.

But that youth who staked his the other day against a horse, others who have lost all they inheri or all they ever earned—well, it is a thing there are not many of their about to-day.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from current Press are welcomed. Actual cut must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of item published. Mark envelopes "Side Slip

YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—" has got the jockey who has got greatest knowledge of the Epsom co

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—" M with strainings from cooked VENERA

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—" moment the sun touches the merid the water is highest, and falls with SINGING sun."

HARROGATE ADVERTISER:—" Add grated rind and juice of the DEMON."

MIDDLESEX COUNTY TIMES:—" He w be committed to prison for twenty days, but the committal order would SUSPECTED."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE "The youths were put in the CASE of probation officer."

THE GUIDE FOR COMPETITORS:—" conditions underfoot at Doncaster wer the gelding's liking. He likes to hea ROOFS rattle."

HANTS AND BERKS GAZETTE:—" 200 tons of CAKE to be delivered at Wi field Institution."

COMFORT like this makes Happiness certain

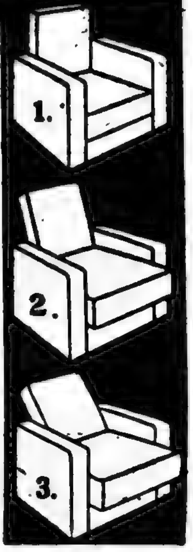
10/- WITH ORDER

Invest in a Berkeley Superlax and you will find rest for both mind and body and learn the meaning of *real* comfort. For the Berkeley Superlax fits in with all your moods. It takes up any position—from the upright to the lounging—*automatically*. In its NORMAL POSITION it is exactly right for sewing, knitting or just a quiet talk over the tea-cups. Then in its RESTING POSITION this wonderful chair is marvellously comfortable for reading or listening to the wireless. In its LOUNGING POSITION it is perfect for a man and his pipe after a long day's work. Ideal, too, for that rest in the afternoon that every woman loves. The seat is not only perfectly sprung but is ALL-HAIR stuffed. The back is also sprung and deeply upholstered. Both back and seat are quickly detachable from the main frame for easy, thorough cleaning. Fitted with concealed castors which raise the chair 1½ ins. from the floor. Coverings are the very latest, most fashionable designs in multi-coloured Repp in a variety of shades. Other Coverings are Damask, Tapestry, etc. *Send coupon for Catalogue giving full details of all Models and patterns from which to choose your own Covering.*

IN B QUALITY COVERING CASH PRICE 62/6 or 65/-:— 10/- with order & balance 10/- monthly.

The Berkeley SUPERLAX

Prov: Patent No. 9361/33



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Showrooms: 133, Victoria Street, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1; 83-87, London Road, CROYDON; The Parade, High St., WATFORD; 12, Poole Hill, BOURNEMOUTH; 85, New St., BIRMINGHAM; and 71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER

COUPON Please send me your illustrated Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

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ADDRESS..............................

John Bull ....

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THE SLOPPY METHOD
THE BOLENIUM METHOD

WEAR Boleniums, and you won't need to hoist your slacks with nails and string! The Bolenium non-slip buckle does the job properly, and permanently, is easily adjusted and always stays put. Boleniums always have something new AND BETTER.

Extra strong dust- and grease-proof material—strongest where the strain comes, and double-sewn with 16 Boot Thread. Toughest of the tough, and cheapest by far in the long run. Wear Boleniums, the best overalls money can buy—British made by the overall pioneers.

BOLENIUM
PRONOUNCED BO-LENNY-UM
OVERALLS OF EVERY KIND
Worn by the man who knows!

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER or write for name of nearest stockist To BOLENIUM OVERALLS, (Dept. 1) Upton Pk., London, E.13.

FRESH TOBACCO THE AIM OF EVERY SMOKER'S 'BOWL'

TO get the utmost enjoyment from your pipe insist on **Bondman** Tobacco. **Bondman** is always smooth, cool, fragrant and mellow. Every ounce is sealed in a **Vacuum Tin** for lasting **freshness.** Open a tin of Bondman to-day, or next month—it makes no difference! . . . Bondman will be in the same rich matured condition as when it left the factory!

LLOYDS' BONDMAN

LLOYDS BONDMAN
Rich Dark Virginia

A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS 10d. PER OZ.

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d. PER OZ.

PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

HERE'S GOOD HEALTH!

A Booklet — "Here's Good Health" —describing the manufacture and uses of de Kuyper's Heart Label Hollands will be sent post FREE on application to the Rotterdam Distillers. Address your card to John De Kuyper & Son, 14, Trinity Sq., London, E.C.3.

deKUYPER'S
HEART LABEL
HOLLANDS

SORE, ACHING FEET

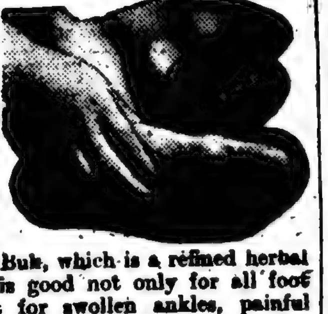
Doctors Say This Nightly Treatment Stops Headaches, Too.

IS it really surprising that your feet give you so much trouble when you have to be on them from morning till night? Is it astonishing to hear doctors say that headaches and even indigestion can be traced to foot troubles which are "telegraphed" along the nerves, up and through the rest of the body?

Why go on enduring torture from your feet when just a little Zam-Buk Brand Ointment rubbed into the soles and between the toes night and morning will soon make you as comfortable as can be? Rub Zam-Buk in thoroughly and regularly to restore the tissues to healthy condition. Zam-Buk, which is a refined herbal preparation, is good not only for all foot troubles, but for swollen ankles, painful joints and nerve pains. No other ointment is so gratefully soothing or healing.

Don't forget to use Zam-Buk to relieve INSECT BITES and prevent SUNBURN. A daily dressing keeps the skin in a healthy condition throughout summer.

Free Sockettes. Send the cardboard carton outside the tin of Zam-Buk and obtain a pair of our free Sockettes, stating size. These Sockettes can be worn by night to help the liberal dressing of Zam-Buk to soak in, or by day for hiking, or to ensure extra foot comfort at your work. All chemists sell Zam-Buk at 1/3 box, or 3/- (family size), but send for your Free Gift direct to Zam-Buk, Leeds, 2. Be sure to mention "John Bull" 7/7/34.



RHEUMATISM

Bishop's Varalettes is the one rational remedy whose success in relieving Rheumatism and Gout at any stage has never been equalled by any other remedy. They neutralise, dissolve and remove from the system the uric acid which is the real cause of most rheumatic afflictions and thereby afford complete relief and future immunity from pain and crippling stiffness.

Prices: 1/6, 3/- and 7/- per bottle.

Write for Booklet containing Dietary Chart and an Offer of a 30-days' Trial Treatment.

ALFRED BISHOP, LTD
(Dept. J.B.), 48, Spelman St., London, E.1.

SLEUTHS of Income Tax

ANONYMOUS Informers please communicate in the first instance with the Chief Inspector of Taxes, Enquiry Branch, Lion House, Red Lion Street, London, W.C.1.

YOU have probably frequently read an advertisement like that above in the columns of the daily and weekly Press.

It is sent out from a large brick-built building in Red Lion Street, which is the headquarters of fifty taxation sleuths whose job is to bring to book those people who deliberately attempt to avoid the payment of income tax.

One peculiarity of this otherwise drab building is that the lift is lined with highly polished brass, and a glance through its gates gives a golden impression to the user.

Whether this is to encourage the informer to tell all he knows for the golden reward that awaits him is a secret known only to the Chancellor of the Exchequer!

The personnel of this C.I.D. of Income Tax consists of specially selected Inspectors of Taxes who have been particularly successful in their career, accountants who are expertly conversant with the intricacies of important branches of industry, and also financial advisers.

The methods employed by these sleuths range from newspaper advertisements to the secret spying upon the financial activities of suspected persons, and even to an examination of the probate of suspected persons at Somerset House after death.

It has been stated that out of every case they examine the Revenue is successful in the ratio of one to ten.

For information . .

The Commissioners of Inland Revenue are permitted to grant a reward not exceeding £50 in any case, except with the consent of the Treasury, to informers.

Apart from this method of tax evasion discovery the Enquiry Department has made arrangements during the last few years which make it very difficult for the tax evader to escape.

For one thing, building societies are now bound to supply the Inland Revenue authorities with a statement of interest paid to individual members, together with the names and addresses and the amounts of their investments.

A typical case of how the C.I.D. of the Inland Revenue have made use of this regulation is the case of a trader who had been reducing his profits for tax purposes by taking a weekly sum out of his cash takings and investing this money with a building society.

As building society interest is not taxable there was no obligation to disclose the existence of this deposit in his annual tax return, but from information received direct from the society concerned the Inspector of Taxes reported that this particular taxpayer had heavy building society deposits.

Red Lion House, the home of fifty revenue sleuths, whose vigilance extracts thousands of pounds from income tax delinquents

The Enquiry Branch demanded a full investigation of the books and all pass-books for a period of six years back. In the end the amount of tax together with penalties recovered amounted to over £3,000.

Recently a managing director discharged his private secretary, a married woman who had been in his employ for twelve years. This lady felt that she had not been treated properly, and in order to have her revenge she sought an interview with the local Inspector of Taxes. Because of her information the papers were immediately sent to the Enquiry Branch and the affairs of this company were fully probed.

The authorities made reassessments for six years back and then proceeded to enquire into the private activities of each of the directors. The result of this casual information was that the Inland Revenue collected approximately £30,000.

In another case a wealthy tax dodger was returning from a game of golf when he overtook a motorist whose car had broken down, and, offering his help, towed the "breakdown" to the nearest garage.

While the repairs were being done, the two motorists sought the shelter of the nearest inn and had a meal together. The good Samaritan waxed eloquent over his meal and hinted that he knew of an easy way of making money.

It turned out that the motorist in distress was a newly appointed Inspector of Taxes to the district, and as a result of the information he obtained that night the tax dodger received an assessment for £20,000 within a few days.

This meant either an appeal against the assessment and a full disclosure of his affairs or a payment of this amount.

As it was impossible for him to pay, a full investigation was made, and imprisonment followed.

An innocent cheque sometimes puts the taxation detectives on the track of an offender.

In one instance where suspicions had already been aroused the Enquiry Branch, through the local inspector, asked for information as to the cheques paid by the suspected person.

One for £4 11s., in settlement of some small property assessment, was found to be drawn upon a bank with which, according to previous information, the taxpayer was supposed to have no dealings.

Revenue haul

This slip led to the calling for the pass-book on this account, and an examination of the payments into the account disclosed that part of the money came from Post Office Savings Accounts.

Here there had been deliberate evasion of income tax over a period of fifteen years, but as a result of a voluntary disclosure, which in certain cases will lighten the penalties, no prosecution took place, although the Inland Revenue collected £8,400.

Sometimes arrears of tax are collected as a result of the constant examination of the probate of wills at Somerset House.

One case last year disclosed the fact that the deceased taxpayer was possessed of an extremely valuable art collection.

He had been investing money from his business in this particular direction instead of showing it as the takings of his business, little dreaming that after his death, when the collection was valued for probate purposes, the Inland Revenue sleuths would enquire into the matter.

Beneficiaries lose

The accounts of this man's business were prepared afresh over a period of six years, and his executors were faced with a liability which so seriously depleted the estate that the art collection had to be sold and nothing was left to the beneficiaries. . . .

Yes, it is a very long arm indeed that stretches out from behind the gates of the golden lift at the G.H.Q. of the sleuths of income tax in Lion House, Red Lion Square.

Find Your Friend . .

SO great has been the demand for JOHN BULL'S wonderful 25s. Free Birthday Celebration Gift—"The Universal Home Lawyer"—that this offer must now definitely close. This week in a special announcement on pages 4 and 5 JOHN BULL publishes Final Reservation Forms—positively the *last* to appear.

Remember that JOHN BULL not only offers a copy of "The Universal Home Lawyer" absolutely *Free* to yourself—but one to your friend as well.

An outstanding feature of this great Birthday Gift is the fact that JOHN BULL is sending out with every copy of "The Universal Home Lawyer" a vitally important brochure specially compiled from JOHN BULL'S secret dossiers exclusively for its readers, and edited by Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., formerly Assistant Commissioner of Police.

This brochure is a warning against many pitfalls and is a document that should be read and kept by everyone. "The Universal Home Lawyer" itself is the most complete work of its kind.

For instance—to know what to do if you want to make a Will—to know the pitfalls to avoid when dealing with a Hire-purchase agreement—to know how to act if you see injustice being done in the streets—to know just how to claim compensation from your employer if you are injured while at work.

Such problems and thousands more are settled for you at a glance by this remarkable work. You have only to read a few of the questions taken at random from this volume, and published in the special announcement on pages 4 and 5, to realise how really important "The Universal Home Lawyer" is to you and your family.

Turn to the special announcement on pages 4 and 5. This is your final opportunity. Find your friend and seize it now while it is before you.

"You're a lucky little girl to have such strong white teeth. Does your Mummy call them Ivory Castles?"

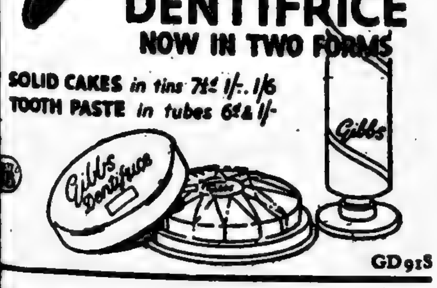
Giant decay has no terrors for children who know their teeth are Ivory Castles and clean them with Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day. Free sample of Gibbs Solid Dentifrice and Gibbs Tooth Paste sent on request to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 91V), London, E.1. Please enclose 1½d stamp for postage. Children use Gibbs Dentifrice eagerly. Dentists recommend it strongly, for adults too. Change to Gibbs Dentifrice for every member of your family and watch teeth grow brighter, whiter, day after day.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles— defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS

SOLID CAKES *in tins 7½d. 1/-. 1/6*
TOOTH PASTE *in tubes 6d. & 1/-*



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Castols

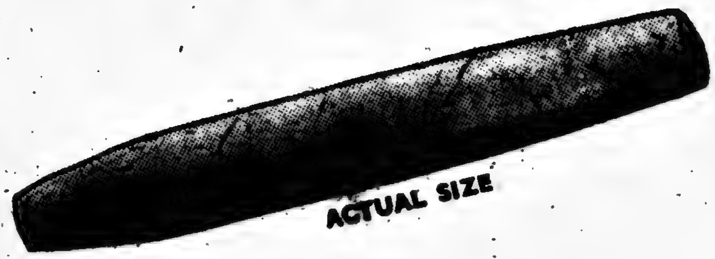
THE Chocolate Laxative
with 24 years' reputation

NOT a *compressed* tablet to be swallowed at a gulp. Best results obtained by sucking slowly at bed-time. Children like Castols and take them readily. Each 2d. packet provides one adult dose or three doses for children. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT— FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

WILLS'S WHIFFS



More and more men are "discovering" this wonderful little cigar and recommending it to their friends. It has a fine Havana flavour, it is cool and mild in smoking, and the cost is very moderate.

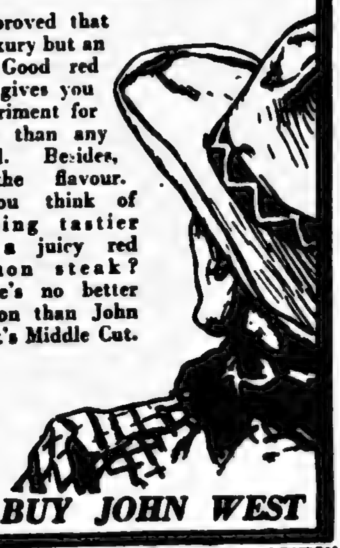
Cartons of 3	. . .	6D
" " 6	. . .	1/-
Flat tins of 12	. . .	2/-

W.W.11

"Come on. Take a turn at the nets."
"What for—Cricket?"
"No, you mutt— Salmon!"

Cap'n John West proved that salmon was not a luxury but an economical food. Good red salmon actually gives you more real nutriment for your money than any other food. Besides, there's the flavour. Can you think of anything tastier than a juicy red salmon steak? There's no better salmon than John West's Middle Cut.

JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON



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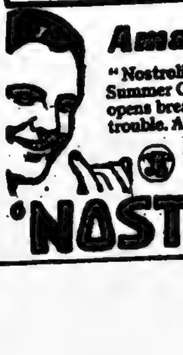
SUMMER CATARRH	STUFFY COLDS	HAY FEVER



Amazing Remedy

"Nostroline" instantly relieves Catarrh, Summer Colds or Hay Fever. Clears head, opens breathing passages. Ends all nose trouble. Amazing remedy. 1/3 all Chemists.

Free Sample from "Nostroline," J.39, Clifton, Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

Accept this FREE OFFER!

Famous firm's generous distribution of Illustrated Book of DAINTY RECIPES

EVERY WOMAN OUGHT TO HAVE A COPY.

Messrs. Chivers, the makers of the famous Jellies with real fruit flavours, offer free to any reader (of particular interest to every housewife) a copy of their valuable Jelly Recipe Folder. Write at once, mentioning "John Bull," to Dept. P.3, Chivers and Sons, Ltd., Histon, Cambridge, and get your free Recipe Folder now, or fill in and post the free Coupon (post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope) on the Front Cover of this issue. Turn to the offer now.

The Truth about "SKIN-SHINE"

WATCH THIS "TELL-TALE" PATCH

By a Leading Chemist

This is where 9 out of 10 women have ugly shine, because here the skin is naturally large pored and more oily than the rest. Ordinary face powders only prevent shine on this part of your face for a few minutes, because they absorb the skin's natural moisture and form a glistening paste. Chemists have spent years of research to find a non-absorbent face powder. They succeeded by a new process, now patented by Tokalon. Poudre Tokalon cannot soak up the skin's moisture. It never cakes on the skin; nor gives a patchy over-powdered look. Poudre Tokalon ensures an even 'dull finish' of rose petal freshness all day. It clings to the skin in all weathers and while dancing for hours in the hottest room. Poudre Tokalon is the one powder that is guaranteed to *prevent ugly shine all day* long but *itself never becomes shiny.*

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing six shades of Tokalon 'Mousse of Cream' Powder so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222 D.). Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

TRY THIS NEW SUPER EDGE BRITISH BLADE

ACE OF BLADES
The ACE OF BLADES SUPER EDGE

SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS, STORES AND WOOLWORTHS

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GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey - Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

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DON'T harm your HEART to CURE YOUR HEADACHE

Beware of HEADACHE remedies that injure your heart. The price is too high to pay for relief. Insist on PHENSIC—the QUICKEST Pain-Killer known, yet the Safest. Children and adults alike can take it with perfect safety. PHENSIC does not harm the heart but actually has a TONIC EFFECT and leaves no ill-effects. It NEVER FAILS to banish Headache, Nerve Pains, Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago. Get PHENSIC to-day. 1/3 and 3/- from all chemists.

Phensic is the Quickest and SAFEST PAIN-KILLER KNOWN

GOOD NEWS FOR SKIN SUFFERERS!

What pain, misery, expense and worry is caused by SKIN Troubles! Crippling Bad Leg . . . agonising Ulcers . . . itching Rash . . . ugly Eczema . . . all take their dreadful toll. Are YOU a sufferer? If so, here is the most important piece of news for you in this paper! You can *stop* worrying—NOW! *Stop* spending money on useless treatments: for here is an Ointment that has justifiably become famous as the Greatest Skin-Healer of all time. GERMOLENE OINTMENT will end *your* suffering, just as it has done for so many thousands of others. The way it goes to work, in a former sufferer's own words, is "little short of miraculous."

First, GERMOLENE OINTMENT *soothes* . . . in ONE MINUTE. Then it penetrates deep to the root of the trouble, painlessly cleansing away dirt and poisons. Then it heals, with literally incredible swiftness. That is how GERMOLENE OINTMENT heals *every* skin trouble—and that is exactly how it will heal yours.

Keep a tin in the house as a safeguard against Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Abrasions, etc.

1'3 and 3'- Germolene ASEPTIC OINTMENT

And here is the very thing to keep your complexion cleansed and beautiful—GERMOLENE Medicated Toilet SOAP—6d.

Good-bye, Old White City!

A CHUNK of British history is up for sale, eighty-four acres of it. They call it the White City. Already the house-builders have taken a small slice. The fate of the remainder will be of affectionate interest to millions who have passed their thirties.

It holds so many memories. Each change in its fortunes has been a milestone in the march of a generation.

You remember the sensation of its early years, a cavalcade of super-showmanship, beginning with the Franco-British Exhibition of 1908. It was the creation of a man who made the Great Barnum and the Great Sanger look like sideshows in their day.

He was Imre Kiralfy, Knight Commander of the Order of Leopold, of the Portuguese Order of Villa Vicosa, of the Imperial Japanese Order of the Sacred Temple, Commissioner-General of a dozen varied and successful exhibitions at the old Earl's Court (where, as a mere sideline, he built the biggest theatre of the time (the old Empress), author of "Nero," "Babylon," "Rome," "Our Naval Victories," and other volumes in the heroic vein.

A great personality, Imre Kiralfy. He'd been in the show business since the age of six, when his parents, exiles from Hungary after the Austrian conquest, exhibited him all over Europe as an infant prodigy—musician, oil painter, composer. Grown up, he did great things in America, culminating with a mighty spectacle at the Chicago World's Fair in the 'nineties.

Earl's Court got too small for his vision. So he thought 100 acres of green fields at Shepherd's Bush, orchards not long before, might suit him. He leased the ground from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for ninety-four years. And then things moved.

The Commissioner-General negotiated for and got the support of the British and French governments for the Franco-British Exhibition, which he afterwards claimed with justification did much to cement the Entente Cordiale between the two countries.

Meanwhile an amazing city—which all Britain talked about and a lot of it went to see—grew up on the church land . . . the Congress Hall, the Court of Honour, the Court of Arts, the Science Building and a dozen others, with lakes and rivers galore. What memories it still holds for millions of us.

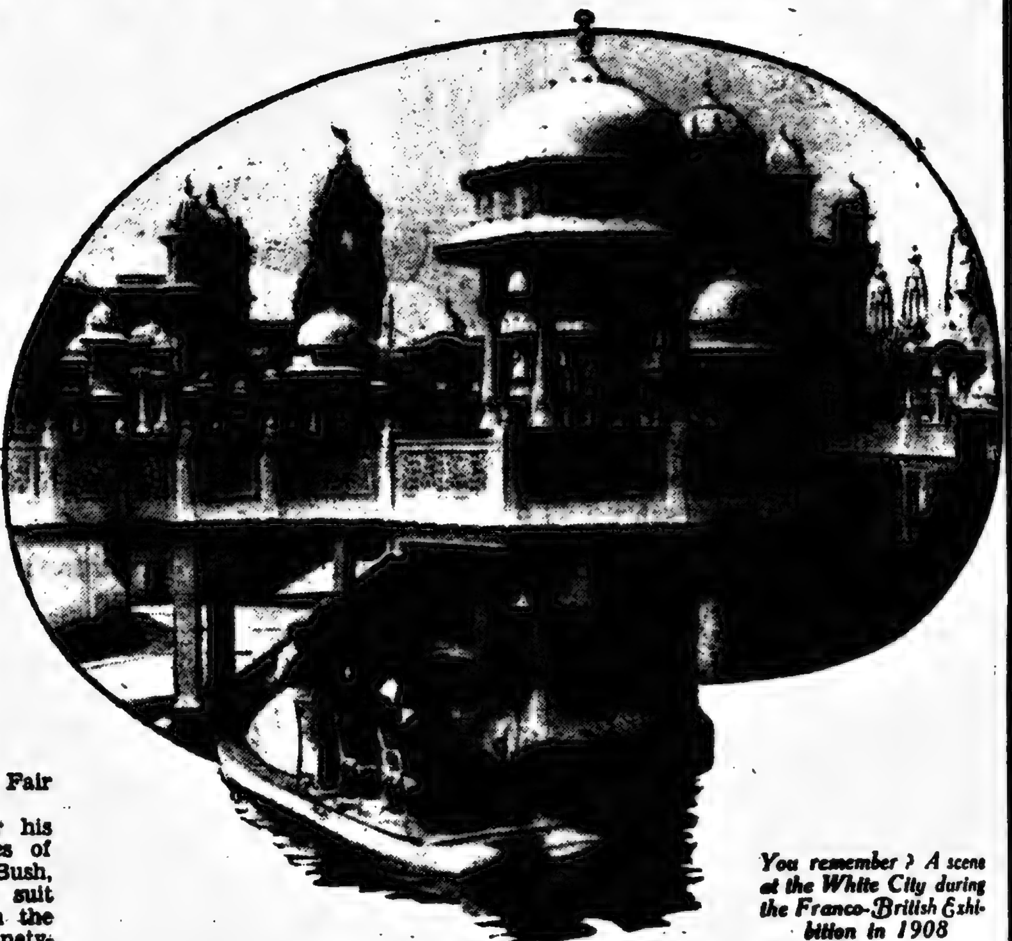
Wiggle, woggle

Remember Merryland? The Flip Flap, with its two giant arms each having a carriage to hold sixty-eight people, the Mountain Railway, the Scenic Railway, the Whirlpool, the Glacia Glide, "the exciting Boomerang and Spiral Chute rides" (to quote an old catalogue), "the boisterous Wiggle Woggle, and Roly Poly rides, the amusing Screamers and House of Trouble"—the Caves of Laughter.

And in addition to all that, the world's greatest sports stadium of that time to seat over 90,000 people, finished in time for the international Olympic Games to be held in Britain in that glorious year of 1908.

King George and Queen Mary, then Prince and Princess of Wales, opened the exhibition. King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited it some days after. So did the President of France.

Royalty came again to see the Olympic games—and Dorando. You've forgotten Dorando? He was a sensation—an Italian waiter who, in the famous Marathon race from Windsor to the Stadium, staggered unconscious for the last few yards, fell first across the tape, and lost on a technicality to the American behind him. Wild excitement, national anger; but joy next day when Queen Alexandra of her own accord presented Dorando with a silver cup as a consolation prize.



You remember? A scene at the White City during the Franco-British Exhibition in 1908

After the Franco-British exhibition came in succession the Imperial International, the Japan-British, the Coronation, in 1911, to celebrate King George's accession, and the Latin-British. Imre Kiralfy was out to harness the nations of the earth to the White City. He was arranging an Anglo-Russian exhibition for 1913, but owing to the political situation it was "postponed till 1915."

In its place came the Anglo-American peace exhibition to celebrate the centenary of peace between the two countries. It opened in the summer of 1914.

Then, in a few weeks, came war. And with its coming the career of a great showman was ended. Not even the genius of Imre Kiralfy could do anything with Armageddon in the exhibition line.

But he could claim that since 1908 the turnstiles at White City had clicked nearly 60,000,000 times, and that he was a public benefactor, for "no medium of civilisation so entered into the life of the people as to enable entire families of toilers to gather together for a few pence and enjoy in common with royalty, the aristocracy and others, the beauties of art, the wonders of science, the romance of industry, the marvels of manufacture, the advantages of education and world progress in general, and all this under highly congenial architecture, beautiful gardens, delightful music. . . ."

Its war service

The White City was "mobilised for war." On August 3, 1914, it was an exhibition. On August 10 it was a military camp. Sixteen thousand soldiers were billeted under the "highly congenial architecture" of the Congress Hall, the Palace of Music, the Court of Honour, and the others.

The troops remained through the winter, and then in 1915 a tattered and tarnished White City underwent another change. It became for the rest of the war a centre for the manufacture and storage of war material. The machinery hall was used for the making of tents and other fabrics. About 75 per cent. of all the tents used by the Allied Armies were issued from the White City. Hundreds of electrical sewing machines were installed. In one section alone, 25,000 people were employed. In other buildings aeroplane engines, spare parts and clothing were stored, non-rigid airships were built.

All was bustle and activity in the city that was no longer white.

Occasionally an old man would wander through this hive of war work that represented the destruction of his plans, the end of a great era of showmanship in which he had been Playground Manager to the British people.

Remember the man!

Kiralfy may not have lost very much in rental, but he had lost interest, and when the Armistice came he died, at the age of 74. For two or three years the White City was deserted. The once gay buildings were battered and torn. The grounds and gardens became over-grown with rank grass and weeds.

Greyhound racing gave the Stadiu a new lease of life. In 1926 Genera Critchley, pioneer of the sport, wa looking for a place to build a track. H took over the Stadium and put it bac on the map, making it once again great sports centre, which no doubt will continue to be until the whole o the old White City area is eventua disposed of.

The Stadium has seen some big even since 1927, and a year ago became cathedral for a day, during the Oxfo Movement centenary celebrations. Th altar was larger than any in th country.

Other parts of White City have bee let from time to time in late years fo trade shows. The British Industri Fair is now the annual star turn. Bu the glory of departed days has neve been recaptured.

There is talk of a big scheme to giv to the nineteen thirties the thrills o 1908 and the years before the war.

If anything comes of it let the pro moters not forget a memorial som where in the grounds to a man o genius, the creator of modern exhib tions, and proud Commissioner-Gen of nearly a score of them, Imre Kiral

AS EASY AS WASHING YOUR FACE *to wipe away* UGLY HAIR

① Just apply this new sweetly scented beauty cream straight from the tube.

② After three minutes wash off with water. Every trace of hair is gone.

③ The skin is left velvety soft, smooth and white.

New Veet is the latest discovery of science. It is a perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in 3 minutes. No fuss or bother. No disagreeable odour. No possible danger. No redness nor irritation.

Never use a razor. It simply makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Beware of the evil-smelling depilatories which burn the skin. New Veet simply dissolves the keratin in the hair and enables you to wash the hair away with plain water. Leaves no dark ugly stubble like the razor because it removes the hair *below* the skin surface. Veet is just like a face cream and as easy and pleasant to use. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. At all chemists and hairdressers 6d. and 1/6d.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

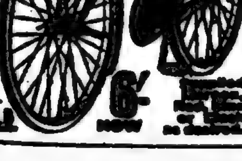
If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 22in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level grip adjust. Handle bars, Racing Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juvenile, Tradesman's, Tandems, etc.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



6/- NOW [illegible]

MR. H. I. KERR WRITES:—

"When making my greatest efforts I find a pipe of Digger keeps my mind on the job."

PLAYER'S DIGGER 8D PER OZ SHAG

P.D. 27.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

> All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

10/- FOR YOU!

for your old camera (ANY MAKE—ANY CONDITION)

on the purchase of an

ENSIGN POCKET "20" CAMERA

(Value 27/6 including case)

SEE ANY PHOTO DEALER about this WONDERFUL OFFER

or write for particulars to

ENSIGN, LIMITED, 88-89, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1

NEW PROCESS A head of Every one.

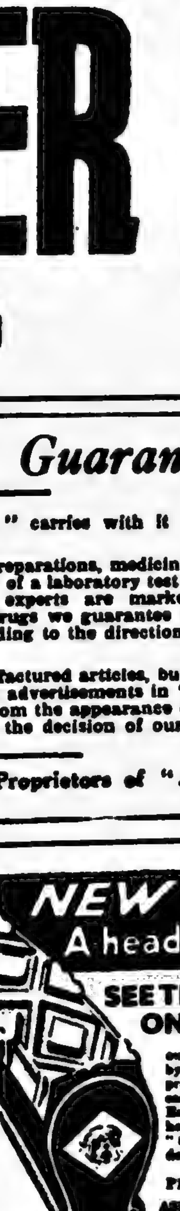
SEE THE DOG'S HEAD ON EVERY TYRE—

our guarantee of quality. Made by the New "Pressair" Hydraulic process. No distortion of cord casing. 18 months' Guarantee. Each tyre is stamped with the head of a "Terrier," "Whippet," "Scotty," "Greyhound," or "Bulldog."

PRICES: 3/- to 8/-, all sizes.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM!

MACLELLAN BROOKLANDS TYRES



Ask your husband why

Can a man tell at a single glance? Are men really inspired to love at first sight by a beautiful skin and lovely complexion?

A woman cannot afford to risk her chance for a happy marriage when she can so quickly and easily double the loveliness of her skin and complexion with the new Crème Tokalon White Colour (non-greasy). It now contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil. Its nourishing, whitening and astringent effect tightens enlarged pores, does away with blackheads and wrinkles of fatigue. It gives indescribable new skin beauty in 3 days. Try this new Crème Tokalon and watch results in your own case. Nothing so stirs the heart of a man as a clear, smooth, rose-petal complexion.

Information for all who shave.

The perfect blade in the making.

The precision ground blanks now pass on to the honing and polishing machines. That perfect shave you enjoyed with the Stead blade, depends in part on this last process. Only the most highly skilled mechanic can be trusted to adjust with precision the delicate process of honing.

Know the meaning of true shaving comfort—Use

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

from the STEAD WALLET. 7 Blades for 6d.

Buy your wallet on the way home.

Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Book Stalls and all good Dealers and Chemists stock them.

TEST MATCHES... BUT EAT NUTTALL'S MINTOES

For Flavour they're MATCHLESS!

Why Blame Your STOMACH ?

Your Trouble is Probably

CONSTIPATION

Directly you get an attack of Indigestion don't jump to the conclusion that your stomach is weak. Blame insidious CONSTIPATION. 90% of Everyday Ills are due to this one cause. Your system may *appear* as "regular as clockwork," but it may be *days late* in functioning. Prove it yourself by commencing to take that simple, homely old remedy—Beecham's Pills! Perfect Fitness and increasing vitality will replace unhealthiness and internal disorder. You will find yourself able to eat what you like . . . and enjoy it!

KEEP REGULAR WITH Beecham's PILLS

Sold Everywhere.

No agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

LETTER COMMISSIONS

WINNINGS BY RETURN.

1/-, 2/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-

UP TO ANY AMOUNT

MAY BE INVESTED BY LETTER

in accordance with rules.

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired).

Registered letters must be posted overnight.

GREYHOUND RACING

Commissions accepted for all meetings licensed by the N.G.R.C.

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE FOR SINGLE EVENTS.

FREE POSTAGE

EVERY COMMISSION ACKNOWLEDGED WITH STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

USE THIS COUPON

Please send Greyhound Rules and Long Odds Future Events Price Lists. I am over 21 years of age.

Name ....

Address ....

Town ....

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DAVID COPE

ALFRED H MAURICE Ltd.

BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.

My Hoodoo

WE had a particular observer in our squadron in France who seemed to bring bad luck to any pilot with whom he flew.

I took him up on two occasions, and each time we were shot down. The same thing happened with other members of the squadron, and he soon came to be regarded as a hoodoo.

So strong did the feeling become that the C.O. was approached to send him home on a pilot's course, and thereafter the casualties in the squadron became distinctly less.—*T. L., Kent.*

Malignant Atmosphere

Some years ago I moved into an "unlucky" house, and from that moment there began a series of misfortunes and accidents which continued until we relinquished the tenancy.

The atmosphere of the place was malignant; even visitors were affected from the moment they crossed the threshold. It was seldom anyone could be induced to visit us twice.

It has been said that the first tenant gives a house its "soul." I eventually discovered that the place had originally been the home of a mad miser who had been murdered for his gold.—*"Hotspur," North London.*

"Dud" Money

Bad money is my hoodoo. Practically every coin of high value that I tender is refused by shopkeepers, 'busmen, and business people

The strange part is that none of my friends or acquaintances seem to get it, while I can be excused for taking it, as the banks have difficulty in deciding whether the coins are bad or not.

Perhaps my bad luck will change soon, but until it does my invalid husband and children will be robbed of the bare necessities of life.—*"Victim," Herts.*

Who's Next?

It was his first ride, and I was his pillion passenger. There was a sickening wobble, a skid, a pulping crash, and he lay smashed under a lorry.

I got a job as a crane slinger; the buffers ground my mate into a shape of horror. Then I joined the crew of a trawler. Vicious seas shattered the bridge, the rudder was smashed, while the rocks off the Scottish coast yawned, grated, and held us like a tiger's teeth. I saw three battered bodies huddled on the wreck-strewn sand.

And I ask myself—who is the next?—*"Jonah," Middlesbrough.*

Faulty Building

I had studied for some years for a telephone engineer's examination. I knew my subject thoroughly, yet five times I had failed to pass.

As I entered the great hall where the exams. were always held everything I had known seemed to fade from my mind. Somehow the gloomy building put a hoodoo on me.

Then one day it was announced that a fault had been discovered in this building. It was to be closed. The next examination was held in a near-by school. It was my last, for I came out on top.—*Engineer, Westcliff.*

The First Time

A few minutes after the start of a vital water-polo match and with our team winning by one goal to nil, I was seized with cramp, and had to retire. Having to finish the match one swimmer short, my team cracked up, and lost easily. It also lost us the cup and medals, for victory would have given us the championship.

There must certainly have been a hoodoo on me, for, in twenty years of swimming and water sports, this was the first time I had been affected in that way.—R. S., Harpenden.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, July 10.

"Meanest Trick ever played on Me"

Groom Quarrelled

Whilst serving in India I had a small stable of racing ponies, which were very successful at the local race meetings. Then, suddenly, my luck seemed to desert me unaccountably.

My ponies, opposed to animals they had previously beaten, could do nothing, and I was completely mystified. One day I mentioned the matter to my native batman, and he told me that my head groom was under a hoodoo, placed upon him by a fakir with whom he had quarrelled. I changed my groom, and with him my luck.—*"Major," Dungeness.*

She Prayed . . .

An Indian, I married an English girl, who was a devout Christian, but owing to my ridicule, she ceased to attend her church. Then my business failed, the mortgagors foreclosed on our house, and our home was sold.

My wife's health broke down, whilst I struggled on, peddling from door to door.

When she returned we all but starved, until one day she stole into her church to pray. It was the prayers to her God which chased away the hoodoo, and in less than a week I was offered a job, which I still have.—*"Duskie Believer," Goodmayes.*

Mournful Eyes

I turned away a stray black cat, because it seemed too much trouble to keep.

Convalescing from an operation I was travelling to Hastings with my sister when our money was stolen. In odd coppers we had just enough to telegraph for more. A week later my sister had an accident and was taken to hospital. Then I discovered that my fiancé was a married man; and to crown everything, the firm I was work-for went bankrupt and I lost my job.

The mournful eyes of the cat haunted me, and it was not until I adopted another stray animal that I felt the hoodoo lifted.—*Mrs. F. P., Stroud.*

Chapter of Accidents

Five or six years ago I was employed in the workshop of a firm of joiners and carpenters. One day a new foreman arrived, who from the first exercised a banal influence on me.

For six weeks I could do nothing right; I misread the drawings given me, and cut my wood to the wrong measurements; I jerked too quickly at the starting handle of an electric motor, and burned out the armature; while a band-saw snapped when I was using it, cutting my face and nearly blinding me.

I left when I caught my hand—and left it—in a planing machine.—*"Captain Hook," Yorks.*

Price of Folly

Because a man learned of an indiscretion of mine I let him become manager of my inn.

After that nothing went right. The authorities troubled me, casks sprang leaks; a structure of shelves fell from the wall after I'd carelessly let the insurance lapse, customers dwindled, and I was mulcted in heavy damages for slandering an innkeeper who was benefiting from my misfortune.

Then one night I confessed my lapse to my wife, and the next morning told my manager to clear out. That period of calamity is now a thing of the past.—*"Freed," Yorks.*

Fateful Bangle

Off Constantinople I rescued a young Turkish woman from drowning; she attempted suicide. As a keepsake she gave me a brass bangle from her wrist.

Whilst I possessed it everything went wrong. I was constantly depressed. The sea, which I hitherto loved, filled me with ominous forebodings. In Greece an earthquake crashed some cliffs into the sea quite close to me, while my ship ran aground off Patras. At Malta I fell into the harbour and the ship nearly capsized during a gale in the Gulf of Lyons.

I threw the bangle into the Atlantic—and with it went my gloom and run of misfortune.—*H. S., Mellor.*

* * *

Whenever I ventured out on my new motor-cycle I ran into trouble, and it was not until I had exchanged it for another model that my hoodoo was lifted.—*"Strange," E.13.*

An old watch, picked up cheaply in the Caledonian market, put a hoodoo on me. According to constant checks it kept perfect time, yet it was always deceiving me and causing me to lose appointments. Finally, it lost me my job.—*L. H., Rugby.*

Bad luck began to dog me—my health and business began to suffer. Then my child's white rat died, and it was like a weight lifted from me.—*L. R., Brighton.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Leger Long Shots

I HAVE been asked what I think of the prospects of any of the Derby failures vanquishing Windsor Lad in the St. Leger.

Stamina is Windsor Lad's strong suit, so it is difficult to see what is going to beat him. On the other hand, with the race so far ahead I should not care to take his present price of 7 to 4.

Running through the ante-post prices I see one can obtain 50 to 1 about the Irish Derby dead-heaters, Primero and Patriot King.

I like Primero best of the extreme long-shots, and if I were taking a bet just now on one of the shorter-priced division my money would go on Achtenan. This colt won the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Ascot —1 mile 5 furlongs—in runaway fashion. His price for the Leger is 10 to 1.

"Ally Pally," with its popular London Cup, is the big attraction this week-end. I like Meldrum best. He may win from La Souriciere. Other selections at the meeting are: Nisona, Oi and Rasta.

Whether you go to the course or take only a "stay at home" interest in the Sport of Kings, you require *The Sporting Life* Weekly Edition, published every Saturday, price twopence.

This complete racing guide contains full programmes for the week; invaluable pointers from expert Turf writers, and a summary of past racing.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 5, to Wednesday, July 11.

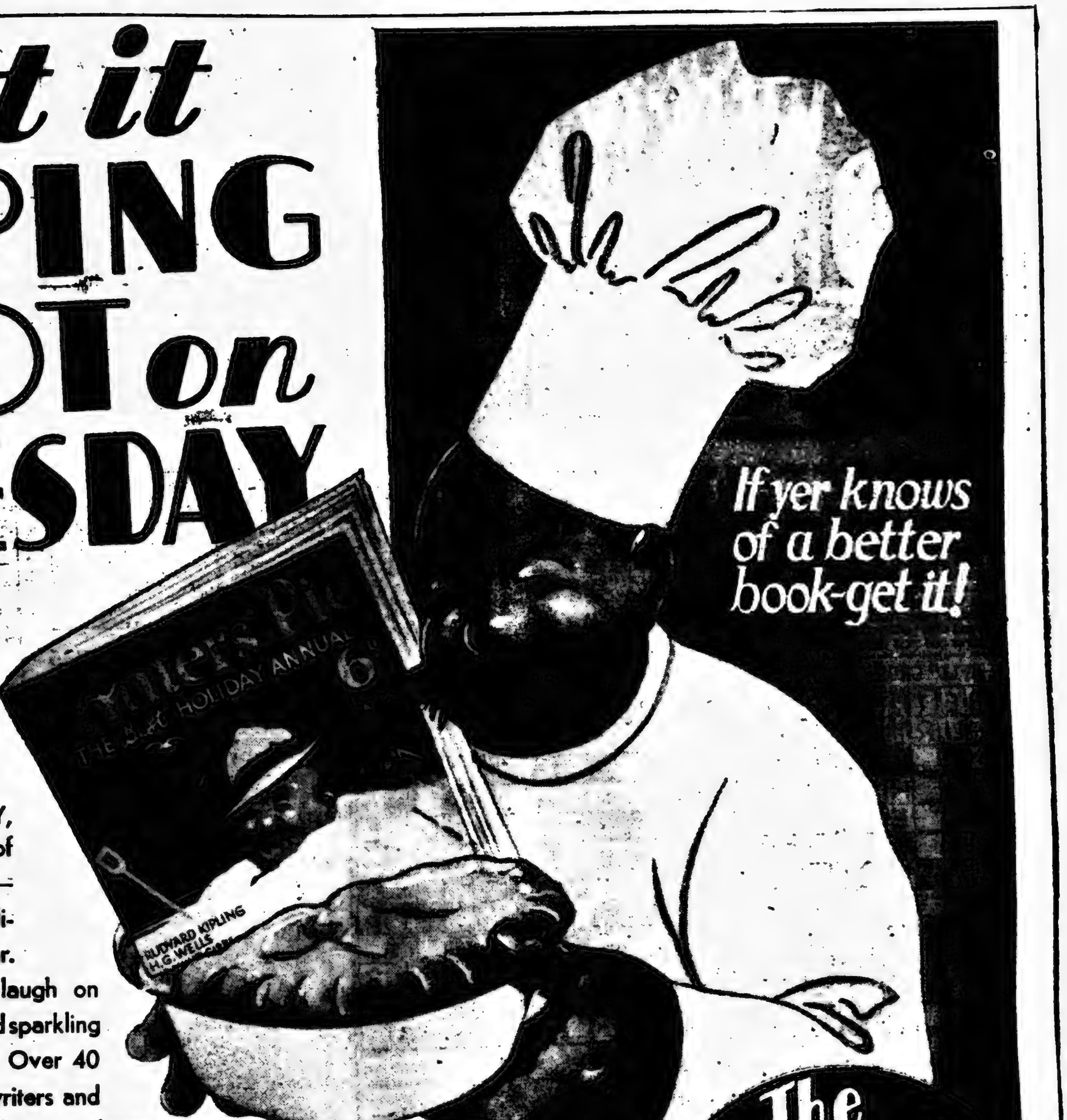
T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98

96 G S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

GZKD9498JS would read FLAMENCO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.



Get it PIPING HOT on TUESDAY

If yer knows of a better book-get it!

OUT NEXT TUESDAY, July 10, a banquet of good reading for 6d.—"Printers' Pie," the holiday annual of the year. There's a thrill or a laugh on every one of its hundred sparkling photogravure pages. Over 40 of the most famous writers and artists have supplied the ingredients for this feast of fun and fiction. Look at them!

Bruce Bairnsfather

The Happy Holiday Annual!

G. Wells
udyard Kipling
everley Nichols
C. Sherriff
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P. Herbert
C. Wren
n Hay
eorge Preedy

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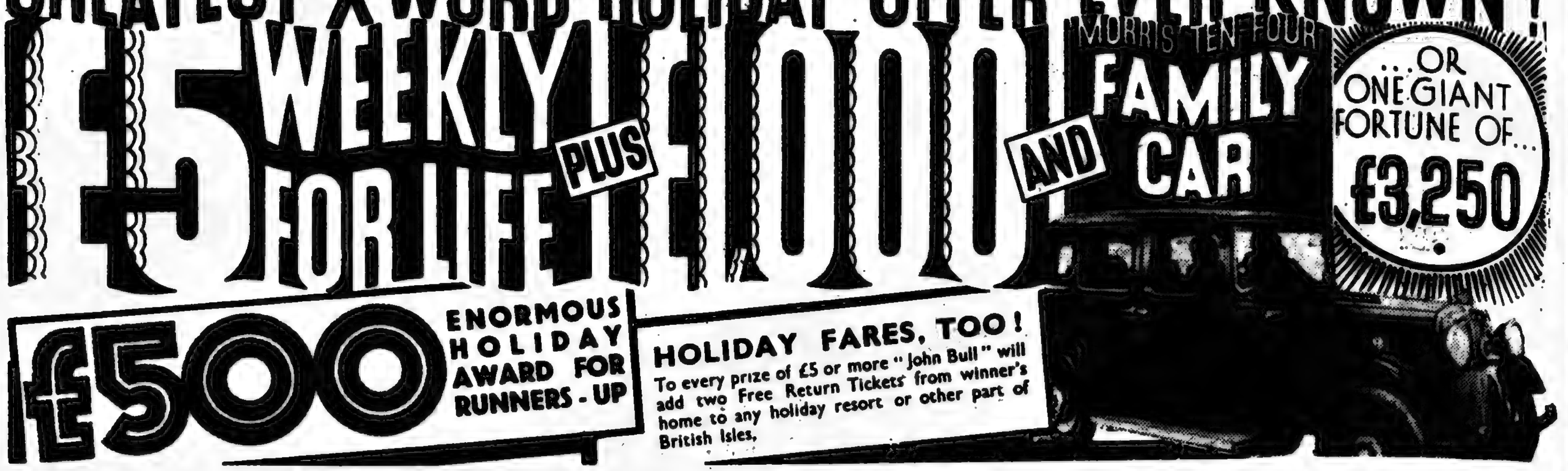
Every penny of the profits from the sale of "Printers' Pie" will be devoted to the Printers' Pension Corporation, a famous old charity which for over one hundred years has assisted aged printers, widows and orphans.

Printers' Pie

100 PAGES—ALL PHOTOGRAVURE—6d.

GREATEST X-WORD HOLIDAY OFFER EVER KNOWN!


£5 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
PLUS
£1000
AND
MORRIS TEN-FOUR
FAMILY CAR
...OR ONE GIANT FORTUNE OF... £3,250
£500 ENORMOUS HOLIDAY AWARD FOR RUNNERS-UP

HOLIDAY FARES, TOO!

To every prize of £5 or more "John Bull" will add two Free Return Tickets from winner's home to any holiday resort or other part of British Isles.

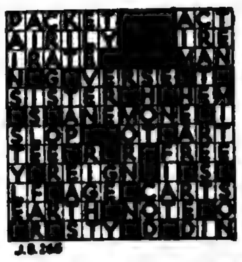
TO-DAY the gates are open for yet another competitor to enter Independence City and join the fifteen Life Pensioners who are receiving a Crossword cheque from "John Bull" every Saturday.

Yes, to-day you can capture a huge Life Pension of £5 Weekly for the rest of your days. But there is even more than that for the First Prize-winner in this Record Holiday Contest. To the income for life will be added an immediate fortune of £1,000 cash and a splendid Family Car.

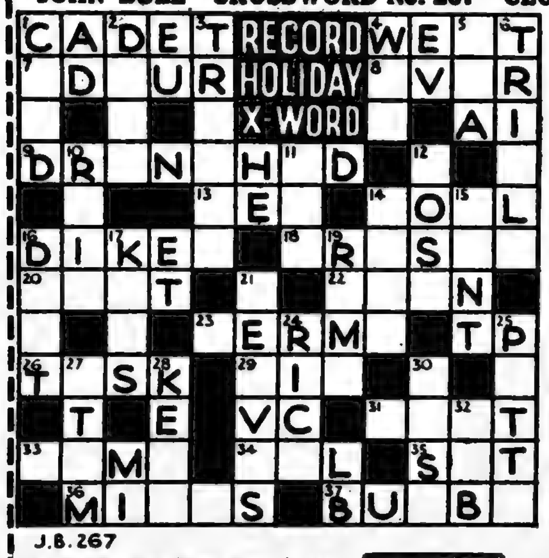
Holiday cash galore is also awaiting Runners-up, who will share the greatly increased sum of £500. And to every prize of £5 or over, "John Bull" will add two Return Railway Tickets to any British holiday resort or other part of the country.

The puzzle which can bring you this Pension, Fortune and Car is awaiting you below. Examine every word of the Clues carefully, for careful reasoning planned them and it can also yield you the Solutions. Weigh up the words for yourself, fill up your squares and post them in time to reach us by noon, Thursday, July 19.

"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £5 a Week for Life, £1,000 Cash and a Morris Ten-Four family car (or a lump sum of £3,250) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £500 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Two Return Tickets to any holiday resort in British Isles will be added to every prize of £5 or more. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 2.


J.B.265

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 267—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1934



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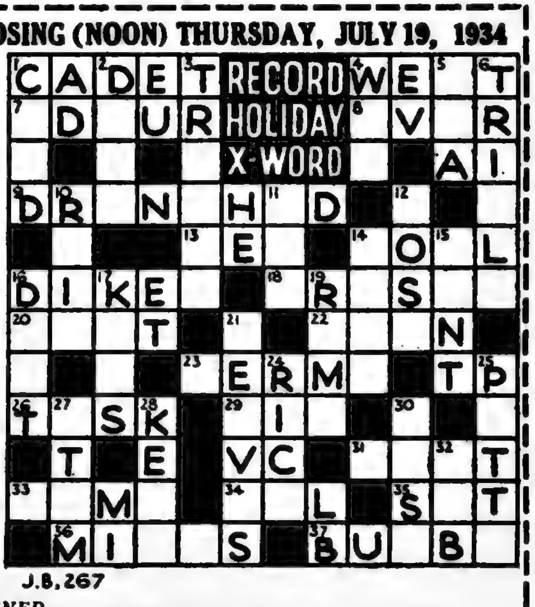


J.B.267

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value......... No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED..

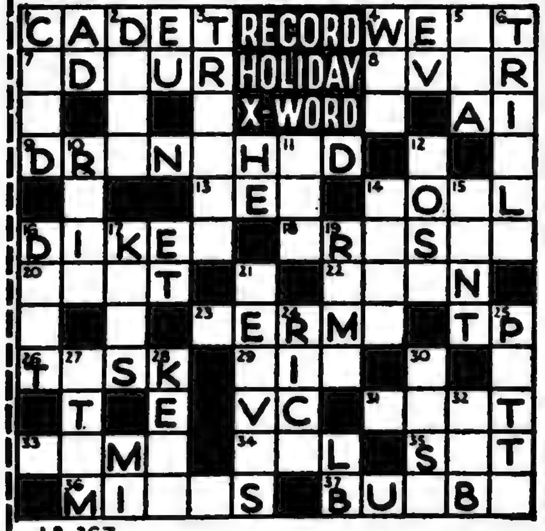
ADDRESS..

....

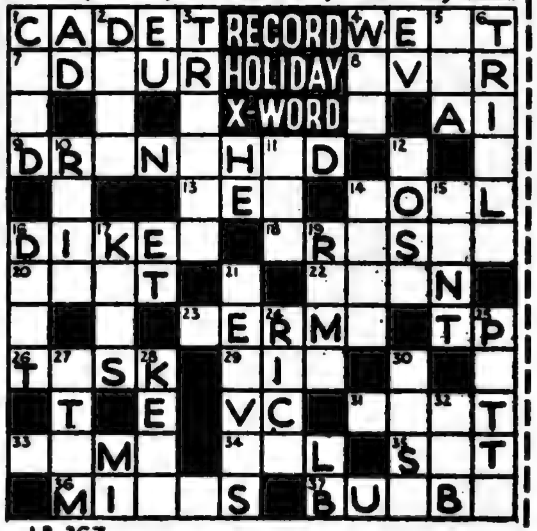
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 267—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1934



J.B.267



J.B.267

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value......... No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

....

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 7.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

Further squares will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY p.c. to *Crossword Gazette* Dept., 30, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of 6d. entry forms required.

ADDRESS ENTRY

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD
No. 267, 57, Long Acre, London,
W.C.2 (Comp.).

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word 265

Winners in 264 on page 33. Result of 265 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 265 is given above as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Pupil at military school
4. Where the sun sinks
7. Perfume
8. Always
9. Soaked to the skin
13. Opens a lock
14. Deep sound
16. Ditches
18. What the india-rubber does
20. A single thing
22. Not shut
23. Are sometimes the cause of bad blood
26. Job of work
29. Tear a piece of cloth
31. Is often provided for dressing
33. Was never built in a day
34. This fish loves slipping into Crosswords
35. Took a seat
36. Great river gives power for many of those
37. Impressive military head-dress

DOWN

1. Makes chest tight
2. Is good for the patient
3. Criminals are often traced by
4. Getting this may give you cold feet
5. Many holiday-makers dive into
6. Are sometimes heard on radio
10. Farmer can usually see it coming
11. Slacker has one on clock
12. Good ones expected of artist's model
14. Light knocks
15. Always return a thing when it is this
16. May bring tears to your eyes
17. Couple's quarrels are often ended by
19. Kiddies do this on the sands
21. Bad ones spoil your game
24. Is often thrown at newlyweds
25. May not keep in the window
27. Small thing, yet mighty
28. Bottom plate of a ship
30. Air leak produces it
32. Suddenly lay hold of

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address, and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, July 19, 1934.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 2. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 14, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £500 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £3,250 will be paid, instead of dividing pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

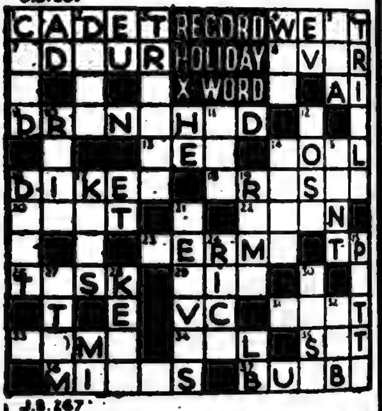
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

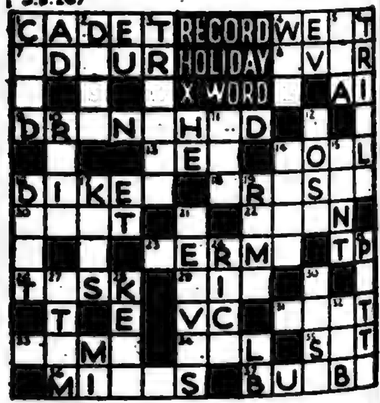
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzz are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutio

RECORD
HOLIDAY
X-WORD
J.B.267



J.B.267



J.B.267

RECORD
HOLIDAY
X-WORD
J.B.267

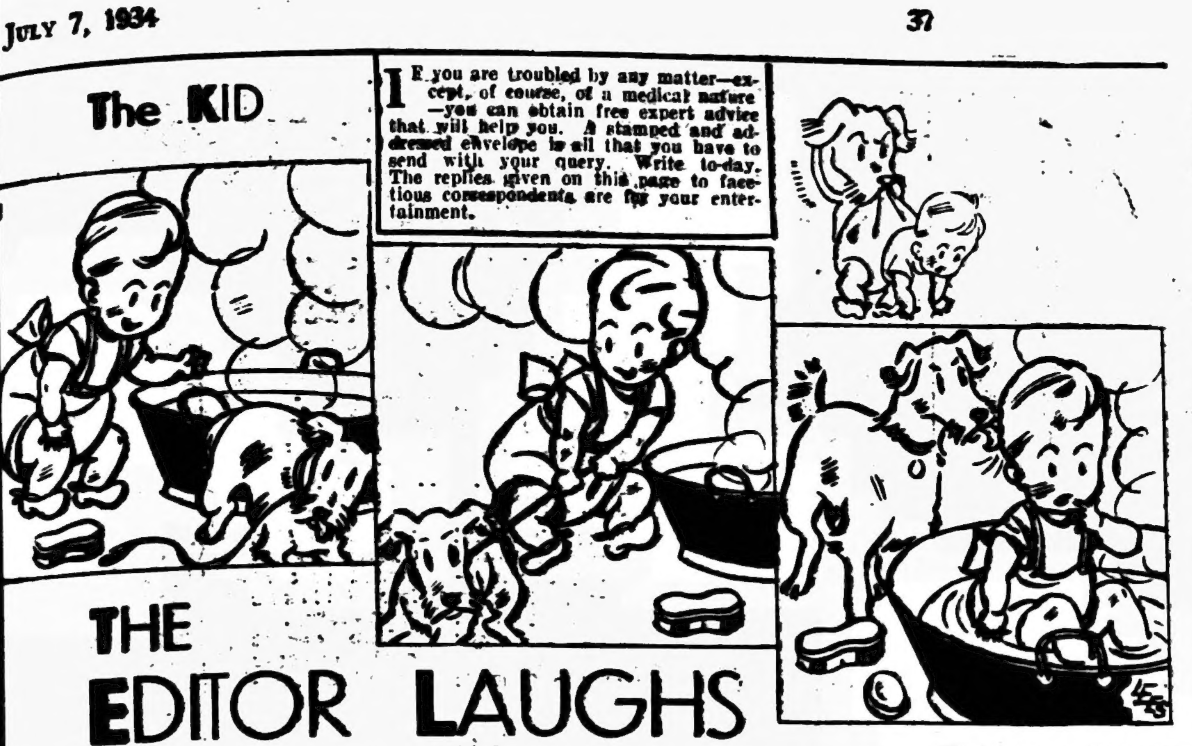
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to th Newsagent from whom this contest's first pri winner usually purchased his copy of "Jo Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £ will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

Free Help for X-Word Entrants

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 1 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

The KID



IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

BASIL (Taunton).—"She says I remind her of the ocean. It must be because I am so restless and romantic." Or else it's because u make her sick.

BILL T. (London, W.).—"I've made a t." With a miss?

S. H. (Balham).—"Is the telephone serce perfect?" That's a mute point.

A. W. T. (Hammersmith).—"Boxers ould never train on whisky." No, nch.

R. Y. (Halifax).—"Where does all the oney come from for the most expensive xuries?" The Mint.

* * *

L. T. (Wembley).—"I made a terrible ux pas while lecturing on temperance e other night." Did you try to blow e froth off your glass of water?

* * *

ADVENTURE (Whitstable).—"How can e raise the old treasure ships?" By vers means.

HYDE PARK ORATOR (Bayswater).—"The owd applauded me when the police rested me." Clapped into jail.

OCULIST (St. Albans).—"Green quiets e nerves." Especially if it's on a nice ece of crisp paper with "one pound" n it.

FRED (Plymouth).—"Convicts are peritted only the most childish of games." de-and-seek with the warder, however, definitely barred.

G. Y. (Poole).—"I hear that a large umber of police patrols are down with u." Well, sooner or later, they were und to catch something.

* * *

Expert (Brixton).—"Philatelists are a culiar lot of people." All after the me stamp.

* * *

HARRY (Bolton).—"Summer descends ry suddenly in England." And catches u without an umbrella.

F. N. (Bath).—"Do you find that things e going to seed very quickly in the rden this year." Yes, sparrows.

H. P. (Norwich).—"Women will be just beautiful in the future as they are ow." But not the same women, we sume.

AUTHORESS (Chelsea).—"My two cats ed some time ago and I have now written e story of their lives." In eighteen mplete volumes?

B. L. (Bodmin).—"In my first conscious ment after the operation I felt as if was in flames." And thought it had en an unsuccessful operation?

EX-SERVICE (Fulham).—"The barber as certain that he had shaved me once fore." But you explained that it was ring the war that you got those scars?

* * *

D.N. (Dorking).—"In one of the South a Islands the seasons of the year are ckoned by the foliage of the trees." native can tell the exact day of the onth by merely glancing at a date palm.

* * *

C M. (Dumbarton).—"I have been erated on three times in an attempt to tract a collar-stud I swallowed." ouldn't you find it simpler to buy a w one?

S. M. (Watford).—"A sculptor has a bby of carving likenesses of prominent ople out of turnips." When portraying rtain politicians he has found that very tle alteration is necessary.

G. M. (Aveley).—"People often listen to me open-mouthed." You're a dentist?

H. F. (Wimbledon).—"The majority of tennis champions have hard faces." Set expressions?

H. T. (Blackpool).—"I recently stood poised on my toes for two hours." And then you dived in?

A. F. (Margate).—"What is worse than trying to shave with a razor after the wife has sharpened a pencil with it?" Trying to write with the pencil.

S. C. (Bristol).—"I have tried scores of different jobs, but somehow cannot make a hit." Obviously what you want is an aim in life.

M. T. (Derby).—"She kept looking at the speedometer and refused to answer my proposal." Maybe she couldn't see what you were driving at.

J. D. (Keswick).—"A race to the top of one of the local mountains was a feature of a Lake District sports meeting." The winner, curiously enough, was a runner-up.

* * *

Dramatist (Kew).—"I have written the enclosed music to finish off the second act of my new play." It ought to do that all right.

* * *

H. G. J. (Widnes).—"The springs of the new cars are much improved." Pedestrians' springs are better, too.

C. L. (Liverpool).—"Men are known by their deeds." Their mortgages give some indication also.

D. G. (Bourne End).—"I always thought May should have been renamed Mary, after the Queen." But oysters would be dead against it!

MISS P. (Elgin).—"A fortune-teller says I shall marry a man who will later go abroad." Now that you've been warned, of course, he won't have the chance.

ECONOMIST (London, E.C.).—"To make a success of any job it is necessary to start at the bottom rung of the ladder and to be content to stay there for a time." How about window-cleaning?

K.L. (Chelsea).—"The straw boater has come to stay." The one we saw being chased along the Embankment the other day didn't seem a bit keen on doing so.

W. S. (Arkley).—"Was Shakespeare born a poet?" No, a babe.

GARDENER (Bexhill).—"What is the best hardy annual?" The taxpayer.

CRICKETER (Bromley).—"Every Test team includes a wag." But not necessarily a tail.

"VEGETABLES" (Kenton).—"There's a goldmine in your back garden." You're wrong; it's a tin-mine.

FIREMAN (Fulham).—"We had to turn out the other night because the shop next door caught fire." That was a close call.

D. F. (Kilmarnock).—"I see that a noted Swiss athlete has gone to America to deliver lantern lectures on ski-ing." It is, of course, natural that this sport should be illustrated by slides.

STATISTICIAN (Norwood).—"156,745 house windows were broken in London last year." Our small nephew's father says he would be interested to hear who broke the other one.

J. K. (Newcastle).—"I see that pupils in certain schools are being taught leather-making." Small boys who play truant receive an extra period of tanning the next day.

* * *

A. T. (Poulton).—"I have got on fine since I started in the radio business." Never had a set back?

* * *

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I am trying to sell my oil paintings from door to door." Canvassing.

FRESH AIR (Dorking).—"The sky is my roof on summer nights." Don't you ever find it leaks?

OBSERVANT (Brighton).—"I saw a woman cutting the hedge round the front garden for her husband." We bet he had to sweep up the clippings, though.

D. R. (Ripon).—"If a man has his nose pushed forward, it indicates that he minds his own business." And if he has it pushed back, it indicates that he doesn't.

D. A. (Sheffield).—"I have had some pretty hard knocks this year." What you need is another—the postman's knock as he brings you one of the fifty big *Bullets* Holiday Prizes on page 39.

R. H. S. (Orpington).—"I always make my son thoroughly clean the lawn-mower after he has cut the grass." Most fathers would find it difficult to make their sons cut the lawn.

* * *

L. H. (Bayswater).—"A pedestrian must use cunning when crossing a street." Up to all the dodges.

* * *

D. N. (Rochester).—"I oiled all my locks with paraffin." Is that the latest hair culture?

T. B. (Exeter).—"What should we do if boys were allowed to hit cricket balls all over the place?" Duck.

L. D. (Farnworth).—"If there's one thing about these big sweepstakes the average man cannot grasp—" It's a prize.

SOLICITOR (Ealing).—"Before deciding to buy a plot of land always sleep on it." And turn it over in your mind?

R. T. (Dover).—"I have heard it stated that too much dancing may affect the heart." And so may too much sitting out.

SPORT (Ilford).—"An effort is being made to suppress snobbishness at Wimbledon this year." We understand, however, that the balls have just as much bounce.

OFFICE BOY (London, E.C.2).—"Imagine my feelings when grandfather went to see the boss and I had told him the old man was dead." We hope your grandfather was sporting enough to describe how he was nearly buried alive.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

"I was a Martyr to Indigestion —found Instant Relief by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia."

SO writes Mrs. E. Bridger, High Street, Pembury, Kent. If you cannot enjoy a meal without suffering stomach pain, wind, distension, a feeling of weakness and low spirits—take 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

That there is no better remedy has been proved by the most recent Medical research and X-Ray experiments. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is unique because it is the complete treatment for the relief of all acid-caused stomach troubles.

It neutralises the harmful acid which causes indigestion and stomach ulcers. It also spreads a protecting film over the stomach lining and thus allows digestion to proceed without aggravation until the cure is complete. Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist. Take a teaspoonful in water after your next meal—you'll be amazed at the wonderful effectiveness of this proven remedy.

GET the 1d BLADES that LAST LONGER
Give Cleaner Shaves
Over 15 Millions sold last year
Obtainable most shops
1D
W Windex W

TIRED FEET

When feet are tired, burn, ache and swell, soak them in basin of warm water with tablespoonful of Condy's Fluid added. Soothes, cools, draws out pain, so that shoes can be worn in comfort. Feet are hardened, muscles braced, because Condy's in water makes *active oxygen*. Odourless, non-poisonous. Of all chemists, grocers, stores, 1/- and 1/6 bottle. It must be Condy's. (30)

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

MAURETANIA This lovely Cruising or Travel Coat is produced in a superior quality medium-weight rich soft pile fabric. It is tailored in stylish fashion with bold collar and revers, plain sleeves with strap cuffs, roomy flap pockets, and an all-round belt of self material with handsome slide. The garment is carefully finished in every respect, and lined throughout with super quality plain Art. Silk to tone. Of perfect cut and smart appearance, this coat is amazingly good value at our below price. In Beige or Fawn shades. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38in. Lengths: 44 to 50in. Price 37/6 Terms: 5/6 Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS.

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Frocks, Coats, Furs, Underwear, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with self measurement form and all particulars will be sent per return.

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PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

MAN ZAN
[illegible] PILE REMEDY

To end constipation—Take De Witt's Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.

Big Winners in Crossword Competition No. 264.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following eleven competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £54 10s. 11d. will be sent:—

W. H. Binney, Market Place, Maltby, nr. Rotherham.
J. H. Carr, 5, Uppingham Terrace, Rockingham Road, Kettering.
W. Gibson, 16, Ridsdale Square, Ashington.
Mrs. B. Hopping, 37, Williams Road, West Ealing, W.13.
Mrs. E. Johns, 53, Sandon Road, Southport.
J. B. Knowles, 8, Wellington Street, St. Johns, Blackburn.
J. Lynch, Shanacrane, Dunmanway, Co. Cork.
Miss S. Nigel, 5, Saville Street, London, W.1.
J. F. Pidgeon, Cobham, Sanderstead, Surrey.
Mrs. M. A. Taylor, 1, Ethelbert Gardens, Margate
Mrs. E. Williams, 4, Waverley Street, Derby.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 17th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 72 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 1s. 8d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 262.—Twenty-three competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £4 7s. 0d. have been despatched.

An Amazing New X-Word Offer with a first prize of a Life Pension of £5 a week, £1,000 Cash and a Family Car, or a lump sum of £3,250, and £500 to be divided between Runners-up, appears on page 36. Try your skill now!

Work for All in 3 Months

And slums abolished in 3 years without revolution, strife or bloodshed, without Fascism or Communism, or the destruction of private enterprise and ownership. Get a copy of this epoch-making policy, convince yourself of its worth and abolish poverty in the midst of plenty. Booklet, post free, on receipt of postcard addressed to Mr. Wm. Shadforth (Dept. J.B.), 49, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4.

A FREE BOOK FOR MOTHERS

A common-sense handbook of over 100 pages, which deals with all problems of food, clothes and welfare of a young baby, is published by Nestle's. Every reader can get a copy, free, by sending a postcard with their name and address clearly written on it, to—Nursery Expert (Dept. J.B.), NESTLE'S, 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. Write for your free copy NOW!

ANAEMIA AND RHEUMATISM

Mrs. BROWN, 22 Rowland Place, Dewsbury Road, Leeds 11, writes:—

"I started taking Vitadatio when I suffered from **Anaemia and Rheumatism,** and before very long I felt a different person altogether, and was much stronger. I have praised Vitadatio to my friends, many of them have also given it a trial, and been well satisfied with the results. I thought it my duty to tell you of the wonderful results it had upon me. I can now do all my own work, and have a big house to follow."

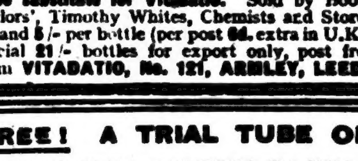
Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood Purifier—invaluable for **Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio.** Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, **3/-** and **5/-** per bottle (per post **6d.** extra in U.K.). Special **21/-** bottles for export only, post free. From **VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.**

FREE! A TRIAL TUBE OF EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE!

Unsound teeth are often the cause of ill-health. Brush them regularly with "EUTHYMOL" DENTAL CREAM, which kills dental decay germs in thirty seconds. A free 7-day trial tube will be sent to every reader who fills in the coupon in the advt. on p. 26. Send for this to-day—now!

SECTO KILLS



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FREE BOOK. 112 pages packed with valuable herbal prescriptions which have cured thousands, together with full information on the treatment of ill-health and the value of simple Herbs. A Home Health Guide. Saves Doctor's Bills. Contains many illustrations and diagrams. Send for your copy NOW. Absolutely FREE to all readers in the British Isles. To readers abroad 1/- per copy.
J. ROBINSON & SONS (Bradford) LTD.,
4, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

DREADED EATING FOR AWFUL PAINS

If you know the misery of eating every meal in fear of the awful pains which follow: if you starve for days at a stretch rather than endure hours of agony and intense discomfort—then do as Mr. Frank Bell, of Norman Avenue, Birmingham, did.

This is what Mr. Bell writes:—

"I have been a stomach sufferer since 1917, when I was gassed in the War, and during these seventeen years I have not known what it is to have a substantial meal without severe pains. I used to dread eating even the lightest of foods. I had weeks at a stretch away from work. I did not know that I had a Duodenal Ulcer until I was threatened with an operation. So I commenced taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, and since that day my progress has been rapid and sure. Now I feel like a new man, eating anything without fear of those awful pains. Before taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I spent a small fortune on so-called cures, so my advice is, 'Try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder first and save money.'"

One thing you must be careful about. Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets under that exact name with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

SONGO

Prevents All *Travel Sickness*

Seasickness, Bus Sickness, Air and Train Sickness, Fatigue, etc. Tiny, tasteless SONGO capsules can be swallowed conveniently en route anywhere on land or sea. They create a happy appetite and ensure a jolly cruise or journey all the way. From Chemists, 1/3 and 3/6, or Post Free from
VANDRE Ltd. (Dept. 30), 189 PITT ST., GLASGOW

Help Kidneys

- If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting,
- Itching or Acidity, try the Guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) Treatment. Must cure or money back. At Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists.

ECZEMA, DERMATITIS, BAD LEGS (Varicose Ulcers), LUPUS & RODENT ULCER,

OR ANY OTHER SKIN DISEASE

If you are a sufferer, do not despair, but consult Mr. TOM WARD or Mr. JAMES WARD (Principals of Tom Ward, Ltd.), who have over 40 years' experience in the Treatment and Cure of Skin Diseases and kindred ailments. Consultations free, personally or by letter. We have successfully treated thousands of patients through the post, in almost every Country in the World. Write to-day for our FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET of Testimonials, which tells of the wonderful cures of Skin Diseases we have made when other treatments have failed.

Address:—
Dept. 17, TOM WARD Ltd.
Medical Skin Specialists, **BRADFORD, Y[illegible]**
Also 573, CHESTER ROAD, OLD [illegible] MANCHESTER.

ONCE SHE WORKED in an hotel, BUT NOW...

The "John Bull" Tea Room.

"Bullets" £3,000 Winner's Enterprise

FIVE years ago Britain's rough island story was neatly compressed into the First Prize *Bullet*, TO THE SEA—BRITON TAKES—BRITAIN GIVES. It won £3,000 for Mrs. E. N. Gaston, then of 41, Sinclair Road, W., who entered it in her maiden name of Snelson.

She was then working at the Queen's Hotel, Westcliff. And when a JOHN BULL representative interviewed her there, she told him of her plans for using some of the prize-money.

"Later on, perhaps," she said, "I shall look round for a nice little restaurant in some seaside resort and run it according to my own ideas."

Thanks to *Bullets*, that dream of a hotel worker has now come true, and the "little restaurant" she looked forward to conducting is to-day a reality—in an old-world corner of Hastings.

This famous South Coast town is one in which the old and the new blend picturesquely. The ancient castle which dominates the district is nightly flood-lit in modern style. The most modern of widened sea-fronts, with luxurious bathing-pool, covered sea-walks, and most up-to-date of underground garages, ends by the narrow streets of the old town, where the houses are hoary with age.

Here a modern feature is a boating pool. And nearly opposite it, at No. 7, Lower Parade, stands the establishment in which Mrs. Gaston has invested part of her *Bullets* prize-money.

Two quaint old cottages have been combined by her to provide bright tea-rooms and an apartment house which she personally conducts. She has nam her venture "The John Bull Tea Room and on a sign the figure of "John" hi self directs you to the entrance.

Here "Bulleteers" who may be in t town on holiday will find a kindr spirit, for none of Mrs. Gaston's e thusiasm for *Bullets* has been l despite the energy h business demands.

"It will be a great d light to me to m fellow competitors her she told a JOHN B representative. "And am hoping to make th place something of competition centre."

What will be of speci interest to *Bullets* vi tors, we know, is th actual First Prize te gram which heralded h £3,000 success. She h it framed upon a wall her tea room, so th those who sip may r and know that this is another business built a *Bullet*.

TO ALL WINNERS OF £10 AND OVER

Since JOHN BULL has already paid out well over £600,000 in *Bullets* prizes, there are hundreds of our readers who could contribute to *Bullets Bulletin* an interesting letter on how they spent a *Bullets* prize of £10 or over.

Such letters should be addressed to the Competition Editor of JOHN BULL headed "The Fruits of Success." A valuable reward awaits the sender of each contribution printed.

Free "Bullets" Training

"FULL of good advice" is the tribute paid by a Yorkshire schoolmaster to the *Bullets* coach through whose assistance he has just scored a big success.

The schoolmaster is Mr. A. Standley, 17, Lumley Road, Redcar. And his coach is *Bullets Bulletin*, the free weekly guide with which JOHN BULL helps competitors to win.

"Usually one has to pay for learning," this winner comments, "but in the case of *Bullets* the learner is often paid." A £50 cheque was the payment Mr. Standley received for his neat and thoughtful effort, NEVER WORKS—LONG, WORKING TOO LONG.

"I have *Bullets Bulletin* to thank," declares Mr. P. P. Hyde, Passage West, Co. Cork, after his £25 success in Contest No. 941, with the poignant *Bullet*, SILENT HOUSE—HEARTS "HAMMERING" — DOCTORS "FIGHTING." "It is a little halfpennyworth of real good stuff."

You notice that word halfpennyworth? All that 96 pages of Competition help will actually cost you is the halfpenny postage weekly. Post off to-night the Reservation Coupon on opposite page and so begin receiving this eight-page guide to the prize-list at once.

STUDY THESE FIRST PRIZE "BULLETS"

SINCE the result of our 942nd Contest is not due to appear until next week, we recall below for your assistance a number of *Bullets* which have brought their senders huge First Prizes. Notice that their neat and original phrasing contains only simple words such as we all use constantly in everyday life.

Seeing that it is well within your powers to turn out a big winner yourself, tackle this week's *Examples* with confidence and make a bold bid for that fine 2-in-1 Holiday First.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM
 MAY CONFETTI "HIT" HARDEST!

BETTER MAN—CONGRATULATE—AND
 SHAKE *Yourself!*

STILL LEADING
 BRITAIN, FOR "ENDURING THINGS."

HONEST MAN
 STANDS "SEARCHLIGHT"—SHEDS "BEAM."

HIS MATE
 EASES "COLLAR"—TIGHTENS "TIE."

GLEAM OF SUNSHINE
 PASSED—THE "OPENING'S" FILLED.

OPTIMISTS SAY
 "GOOD EGG!" PESSIMISTS "SNIFF."

MERCIFULLY
 "LAST JUDGE" ALSO "FATHER."

BRAVE FIGHT
 HER "FADED PRINT" RECORDS.

PEAK OF SUCCESS
 "HAPPY, MARY?"—"YES, JOHN!"

ON HIS MIND
 BOSS "BARKING"—KIDDIE COUGHING.

DOCTOR SUNSHINE
 CAME "STEALING"—RESTORED "JEWEL."

HOLDING HER HAND
 GRANDPA ENTERS *Another* "PARADISE."

DEBTS
 ENDLESS NOUGHTS—WORLD'S "CHAINS."

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 2.

£1,250

IN BULLETS CASH [illegible] POSTED ON [illegible] IN GOOD TIME FOR

AUGUST HOLIDAYS!

[illegible]

£600 AND £20 YEARLY HOLIDAY CHEQUE

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £750

£[illegible] £[illegible] £[illegible] £19 £18 £17 £16 £15

2 of £[illegible] 2 of £[illegible] 2 of £12 2 of £11 2 of £10 2 of £9 2 of £8 2 of £7 2 of £6 2 of £5 3 of £4 8 of £3.10 12 of £2.10

[illegible] 2,100 RED SEAL TARGETS [illegible]

Enter by Saturday, July 14, for these 50 Big Holiday Cheques!

MOST people start early in Spring to save up for the August holidays—but how few ever gather as much as £20 for their annual trip to the sea!

Well, that sum will be yours every August as long as you live if you apture our huge Holiday [illegible] this week. And JOHN BULL will celebrate your joining is Holiday Pension list by presenting you at once with a bumper cheque for £600 ash!

But that is only the [illegible] of a wonderful array of [illegible] imed to arrive just before the August olidays. A series of [illegible] Holiday Cheques follow [illegible] First, forming a range of [illegible] pportunities such as you will find in no ther Contest to-day.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THE easiest way to make up Bullets is to read over the list of Examples nd select a few upon which to concentrate. Then write down the rough ideas hich they suggest to your mind. These irst thoughts provide the raw material rom which to shape your completed Bullet.

Aim at aptness and originality in the TWO, THREE or FOUR words which you ink up with the Example chosen, for hese good points make your meaning lear and your phrasing [illegible].

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the Example, ON THE HONEYMOON CRUISE; your [illegible] might be Her Hero Was [illegible]. After few minutes' juggling with words you ould easily improve this wording and omplete your Bullet thus: ON THE HONEYMOON CRUISE—[illegible] "[illegible]ING RAILS."

As a further help, study the list of previous big winners [illegible] for your uidance on the opposite page. Then ettle down to a quiet half-hour with the Examples this evening, [illegible] an into your Bullets and see that they each us by Saturday, July 14.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

- [illegible] BRITISH
- SHOWS IMAGINATION
- HOLIDAYS
- FOR CASH
- MAN'S FOLLY
- [illegible]
- ON HIS WEDDING-DAY
- [illegible]
- LIKE A DOG
- AT "SEA VIEW"
- OUR MENU
- SAD
- A BOY'S ADVENTURE
- STEADIED HIM
- VILLAGE BEAUTY
- WILY BIRD
- TURNING OUT THE LIGHT
- PARSON'S WIFE
- DRIVEN TO DESPAIR
- THE MISCHIEF-MAKER
- WITH A CAMERA
- ON THE HONEYMOON CRUISE
- HE'S A SLOGGER, SO
- ONE OF THE BEST
- SHE LOVED HIM, BUT
- WITH A HEAVY HEART
- QUIET LIFE
- WITHOUT CHILDREN
- MAGIC TOUCH
- TO FOLLOW
- EASY AS A.B.C.
- WHEREVER WE GO
- IN THE PROCESSION
- CONFOUNDED NUISANCE
- TO HELP THE PEDESTRIAN
- INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "Bullets" Bulletin, which will also introduce you to a [illegible] £50-a-week Bullets [illegible]. Post off the coupon [illegible] and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to [illegible] success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to John Bull) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

Name ....

Address ....

....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., [illegible], [illegible] ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with he Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being leverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have areful consideration by a [illegible] staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at he rate of 6d. for each coupon [illegible]. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and rossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the rder on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon ubmitted. Coupons must not be [illegible].

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an xpress condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press, Ltd., and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for [illegible] First Prize Winner in Competition No. [illegible] will e displayed in the window of [illegible].

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—[illegible] will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the [illegible] usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon [illegible] payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address and date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

(945) Closing SAT., July 14 | P.O. No. __________ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ____________ Address ____________

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

(945) Closing SAT., July 14 | P.O. No. __________ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ____________ Address ____________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

(945) Closing SAT., July 14 | P.O. No. __________ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ____________ Address ____________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

(945) Closing SAT., July 14 | P.O. No. __________ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ____________ Address ____________

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

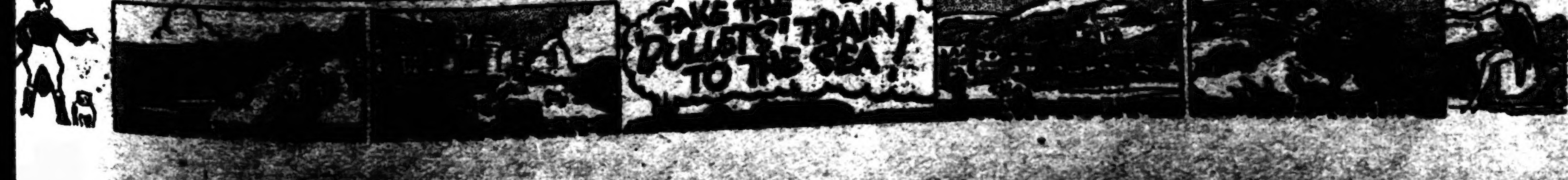
EXAMPLE ______________________

BULLET ______________________

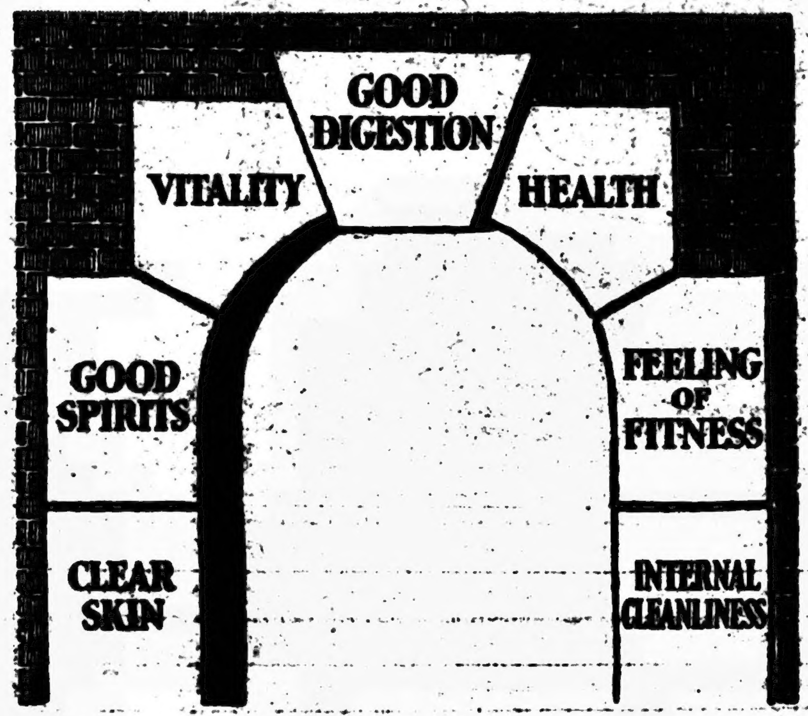
(945) Closing SAT., July 14 | P.O. No. __________ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ____________ Address ____________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 945, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)


TAKE THE BULLETS' TRAIN TO THE SEA!

THE KEYSTONE OF HEALTH



is GOOD DIGESTION

You cannot have a good digestion unless your digestive organs are in good working order.

The best diet cannot give perfect health if it is not properly digested and absorbed, and if the waste products are not efficiently removed. The digestive juices should perform these tasks. If they fail, the food lies stagnant in the Stomach and intestines, and gives rise to the misery of Indigestion and ill-health.

Have you any of these symptoms—Acidity, Flatulence, Heartburn, Pain in the Stomach, Sickness, Biliousness, Headache, Coated Tongue, Bad Complexion, Constipation? If so,

YOU NEED CICFA

BRAND TABLETS

Alkalis and purgatives will not cure these troubles, they only give temporary relief. You must "set your house in order" from the foundation upwards.—Supply the lacking digestive juices and the whole system will readjust itself!

Do this by taking "Cicfa" at once, even though all other remedies may have failed. "CICFA" IS DIFFERENT. It contains all the necessary digestive ferments, prepared and combined so that they act just when and where they are needed to restore the whole tract to its normal state. When "Cicfa" is taken, the food is properly digested, the nourishment absorbed, gas-fermentation is prevented. *Constipation disappears and with it all the troubles caused by self-poisoning,* the blood is purified, the skin becomes clear, and you both look and feel a healthy human being once more.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT CICFA BRAND TABLETS

Hundreds of doctors have testified to the good effects of "Cicfa." Try it for yourself, and experience the joy of living in perfect health.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the method of manufacture of this preparation.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 and 3/- or post free from
THE CICFA CO., Ltd., 8 Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1

Is KIDNEY TROUBLE making your life A MISERY?

THIS AMAZING REMEDY HAS 'WORKED WONDERS' IN 'HOPELESS' CASES.

THOUSANDS of sufferers from Bladder and Kidney troubles have been **completely restored** by this famous Shadforth remedy. Mr. Shadforth (world's leading dispensing chemist) is continually receiving letters of thanks from grateful and overjoyed users. What they have done for others they can also do for you!

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and **without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment,** they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. **Stop worrying!** Start taking this **proved** remedy **now,** and be quickly cured. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.** Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).

TAKE THIS REMEDY FOR
CYSTITIS, PROSTATITIS, CHILL or COLD ON KIDNEYS, BACKACHE, LEG PAINS, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, Etc

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD!

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Can be taken alternately with No. 470 ("Brain Sparklers"). See below. Order one of each.

HOW TO AVOID A "STROKE"

High Blood Pressure means High Risks! Here is a Treatment which will lower it, and *keep* it reasonably low.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns and banish Arterio-Sclerosis. Steady heart action, co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries, is now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonition of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you 20 years younger — within 20 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1168/T.** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

WOMEN OVER FORTY NEED THIS TONIC

Just the thing to get through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves, and blood. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Good for anaemic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2,457**—the critical time tonic. In boxes at 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 12/- (432 pills).

NASAL CATARRH

IS NOT A TRIFLING MATTER

even in summer. It is often the first step to **Bronchitis, Coughs, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.** You can prevent all this by the prompt use of the **"Shadforth Triplex Catarrh Treatment,"** which has literally worked wonders in thousands of cases. Gives you immediate relief and comfort. Ask for **Prescription No. 331/T.** Prices: 2/9, 4/3, 8/6. Considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man from being "laid-up" for days and weeks, the cost of this reliable remedy is very small.

DEPRESSION

DON'T ALLOW THOSE FITS OF THE BLUES

to cloud the sunshine out of your life—it's too risky. Exert your moral energy and pull yourself together before your mind is unbalanced.

Brain and Nerve tonics such as phosphorus, lecithin and nux vomica, together with vegetable "bitters," will certainly help you. Doctors now prescribe these in the form of **Shadforth Brand "Brain Sparklers" (Prescription No. 470).** These are magic pellets which cure Depression, Brain Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility, Neurasthenia, and banish the "blues," strain on the brain and lassitude. They are the best tonic after influenza or other illness and in changeable weather. Prescribed for all brain workers.

Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

Can be taken alternately with the Heart Tonic (No. 632). That is to say, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days, and so on. (See No. 632 above.)

THE MIGHTY MODERN TONIC FOR BRAIN AND NERVES

MOTHER! Do you know

that operations on children for Enlarged TONSILS and ADENOIDS can be avoided?

A well-known English doctor has drawn up a most successful treatment which can be carried out easily at home. It is causing a sensation in the medical world, and is claimed to be one of the most important recent advances in medicine. This bloodless treatment, which has saved hundreds of operations, is specially dispensed, with full directions for 7/6. Ask for the **Shadforth Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331 TAD). Septic Tonsils and Nasal Obstructions** in adults are also conquered without operation, pain, or loss of blood.

Obtainable from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists, or privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD

Dispensing Chemists

(Dept. J.B.12), 49, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4, and Branches

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